iforni
onal
ity

A DREAM of FAIR WOMEN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HARRISON FISHER

To Tessie:-

Jan. 1, 1909.

returns

Many

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

GIFT OF

Professor Jean S. Felton

A
DREAM
OF
FAIR
WOMEN

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

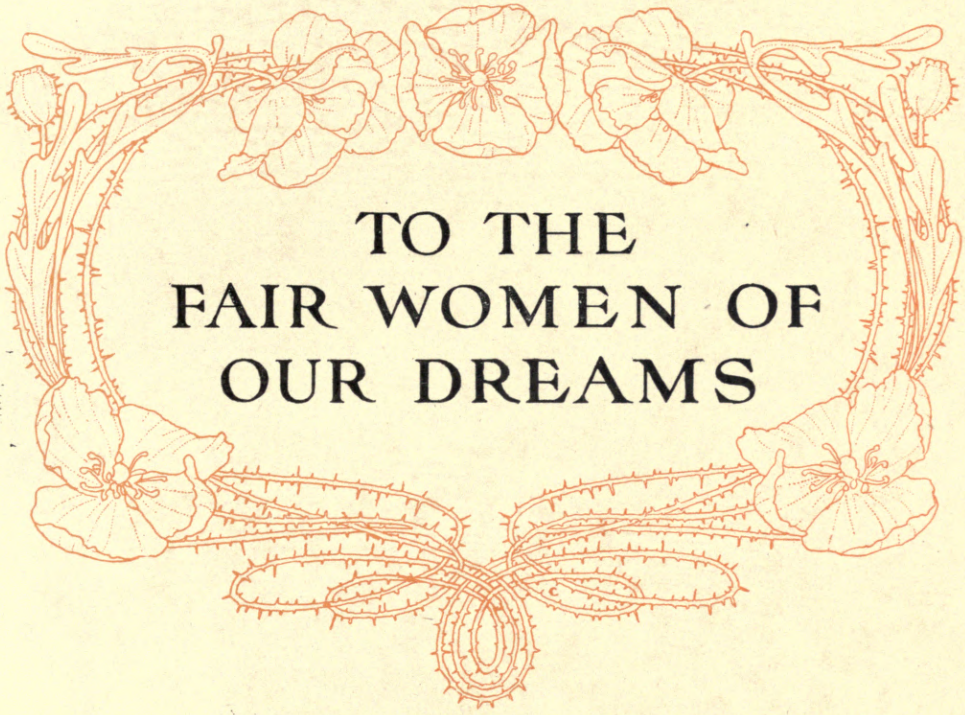
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HARRISON FISHER

DECORATIONS BY
E STETSON CRAWFORD

INDIANAPOLIS
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Copyright 1907
The Bobbs-Merrill Company

October



2098228

CONTENTS

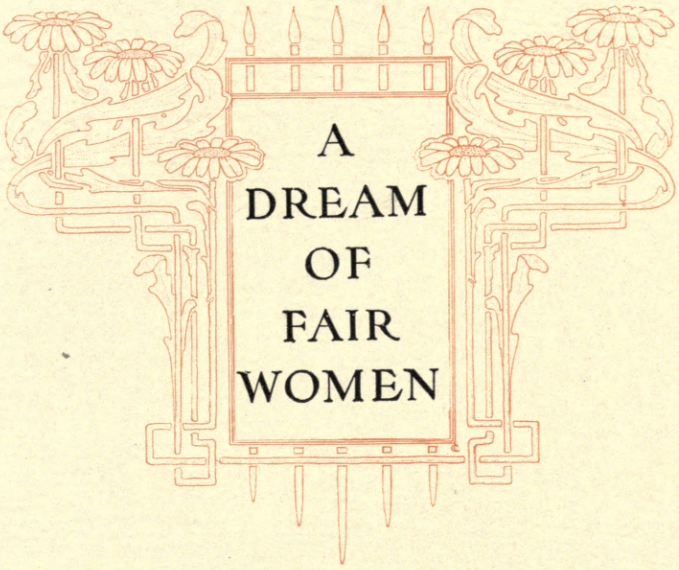
	Lines from	
A Dream of Fair Women	15	Alfred Tennyson
Marjorie	21	Meredith Nicholson
Love's Ideal From "My Witness" By courtesy of the author	27	William Winter
The Light of Love	33	James Whitcomb Riley
The Love Gage	39	Frank L. Stanton
Like a Lilac By courtesy of the author	45	Maurice Francis Egan
A Waltz Song	51	Mena Kemp Ogden

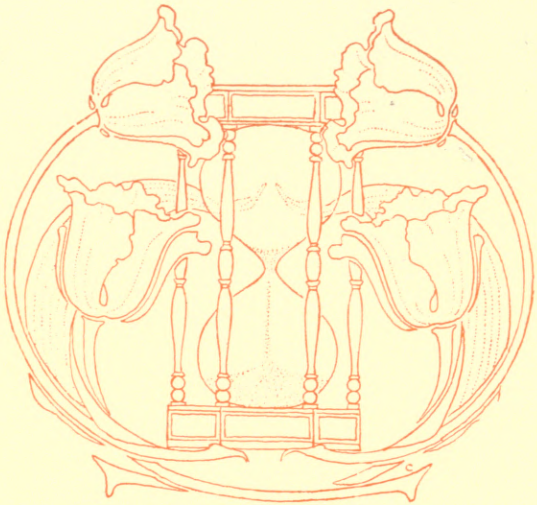
CONTENTS

	Lines from	
The Nun	57	Leigh Hunt
Beware By courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin and Company	63	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Song	69	George MacDonald
Ballad of Fair Sinners	75	Samuel McCoy
Song	81	Thomas Carew
To Hear Her Sing	87	James Whitcomb Riley
Her Beautiful Eyes	93	James Whitcomb Riley

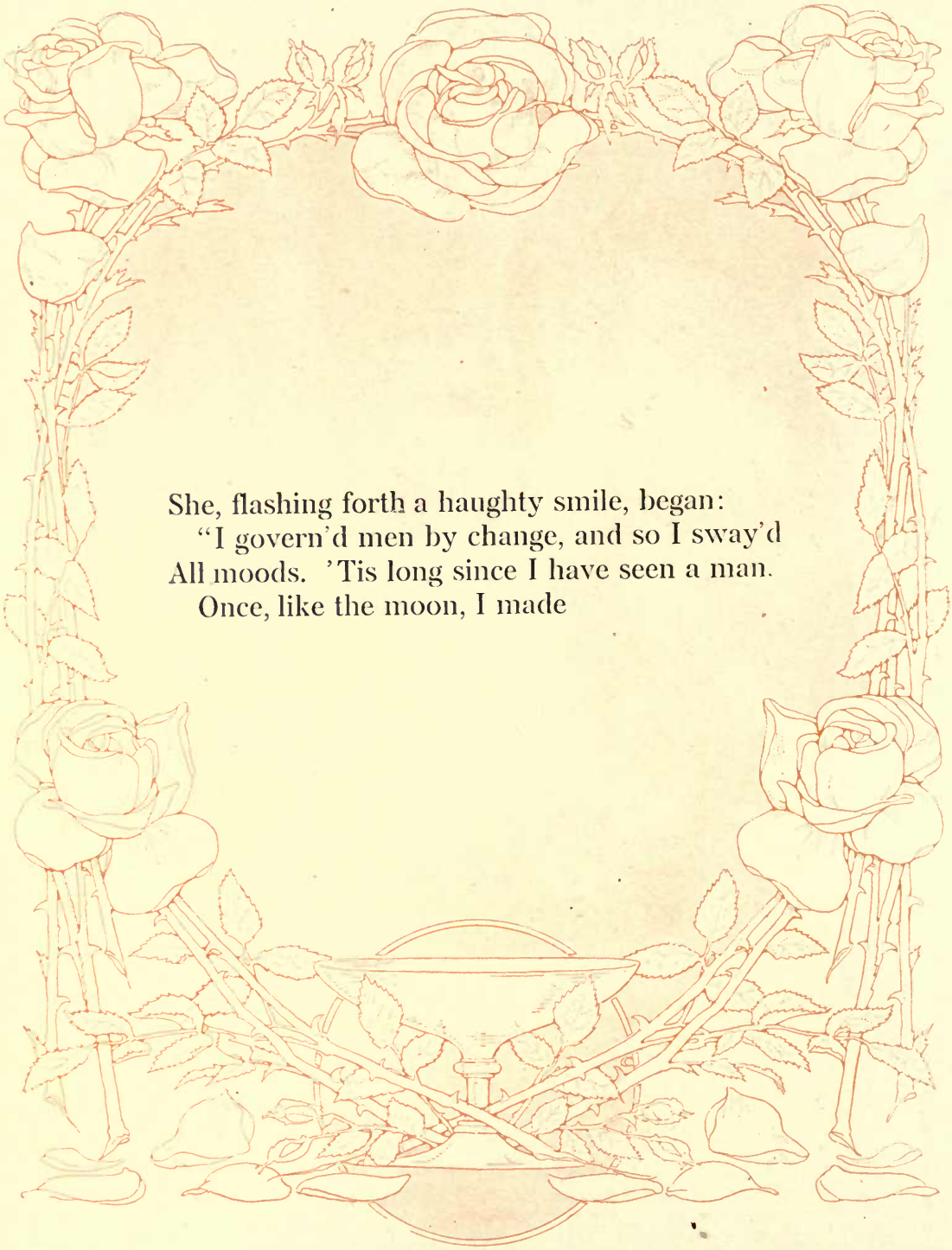
CONTENTS

	Lines from	
At the Church Gate	99	William Makepeace Thackeray
She Walks in Beauty	105	Lord Byron
Private Theatricals By courtesy of the author	111	Louise Imogene Guiney
Laughing Song	117	James Whitcomb Riley
Postscript From "The Yellow Book" By courtesy of John Lane Company	123	Ernest Wentworth
I Love My Jean	129	Robert Burns
The Time I've Lost in Wooing	135	Thomas Moore

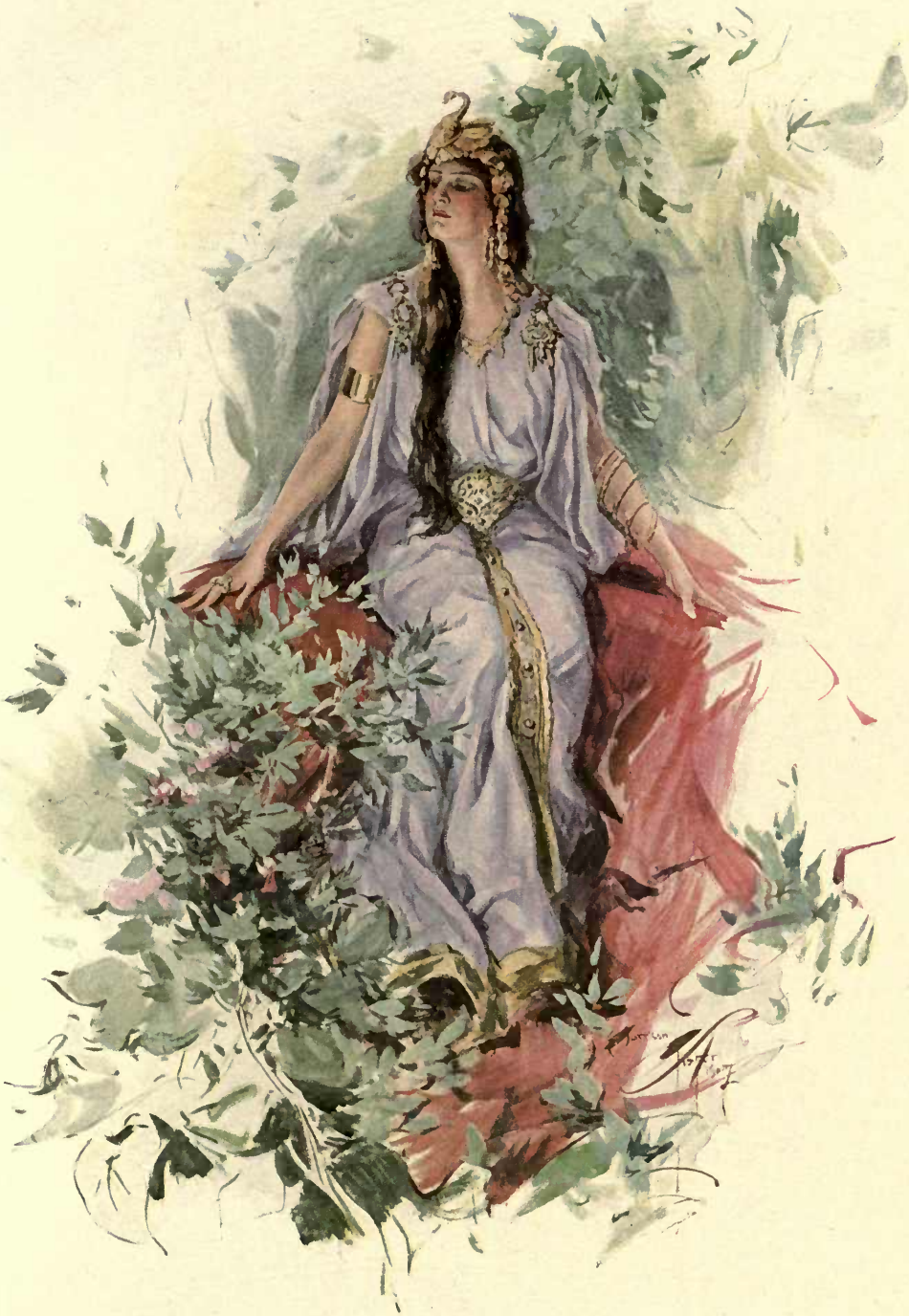

A
DREAM
OF
FAIR
WOMEN

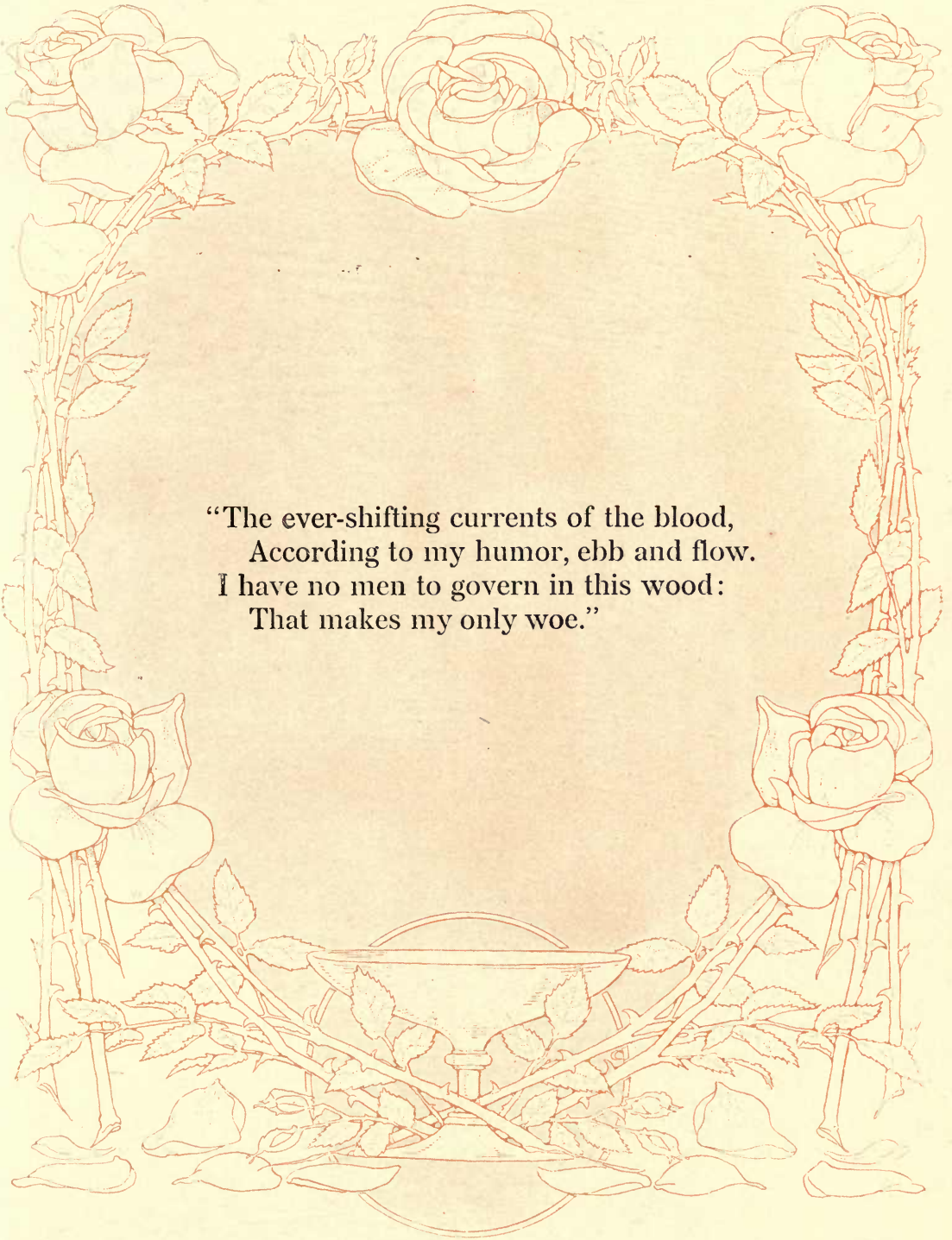


I, turning, saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold, black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

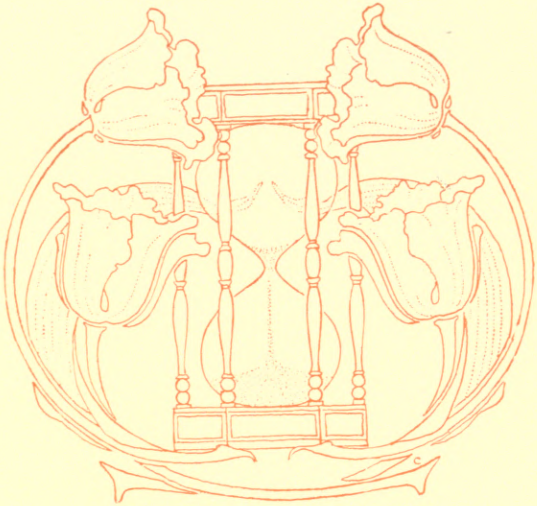


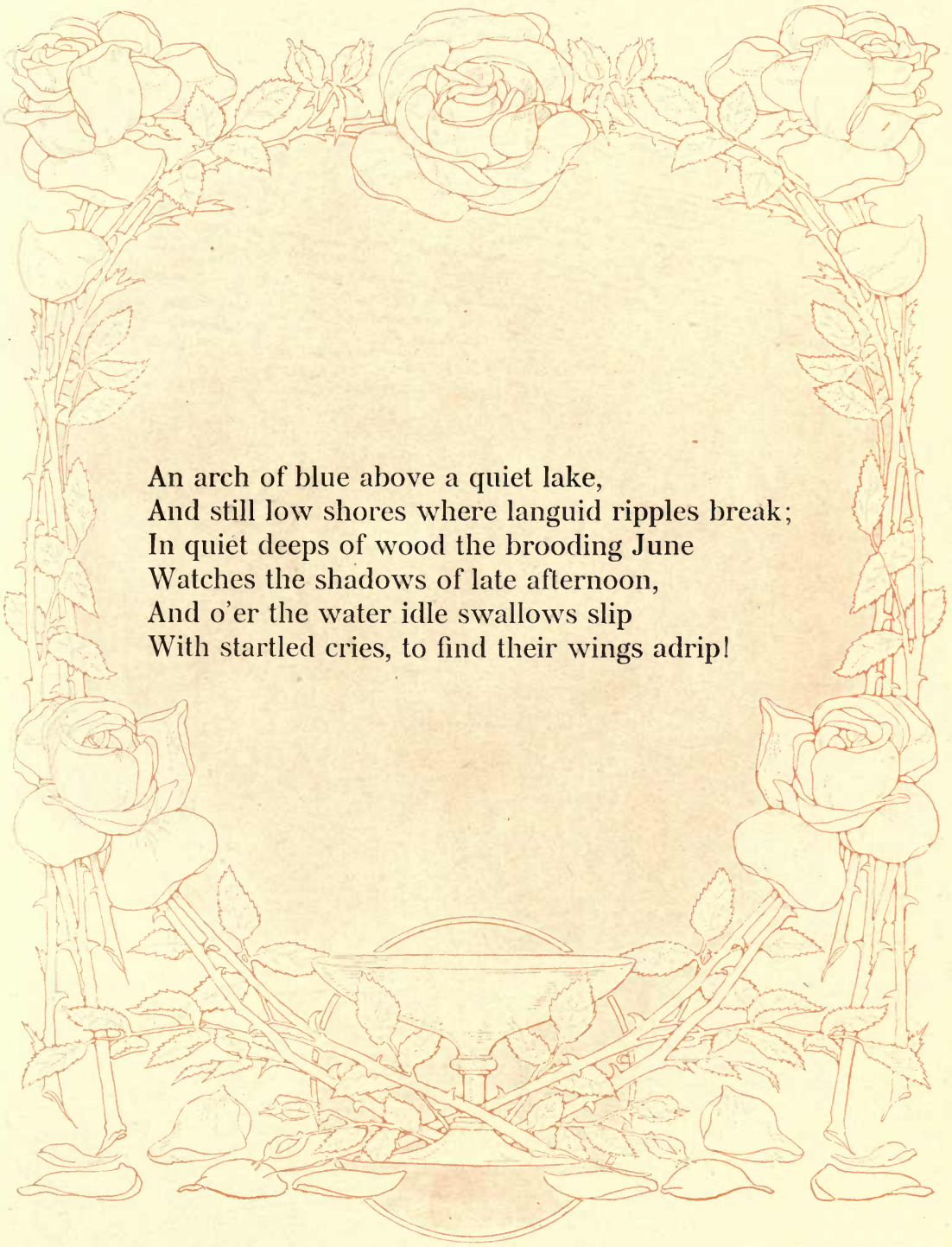
She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began:
"I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd
All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made



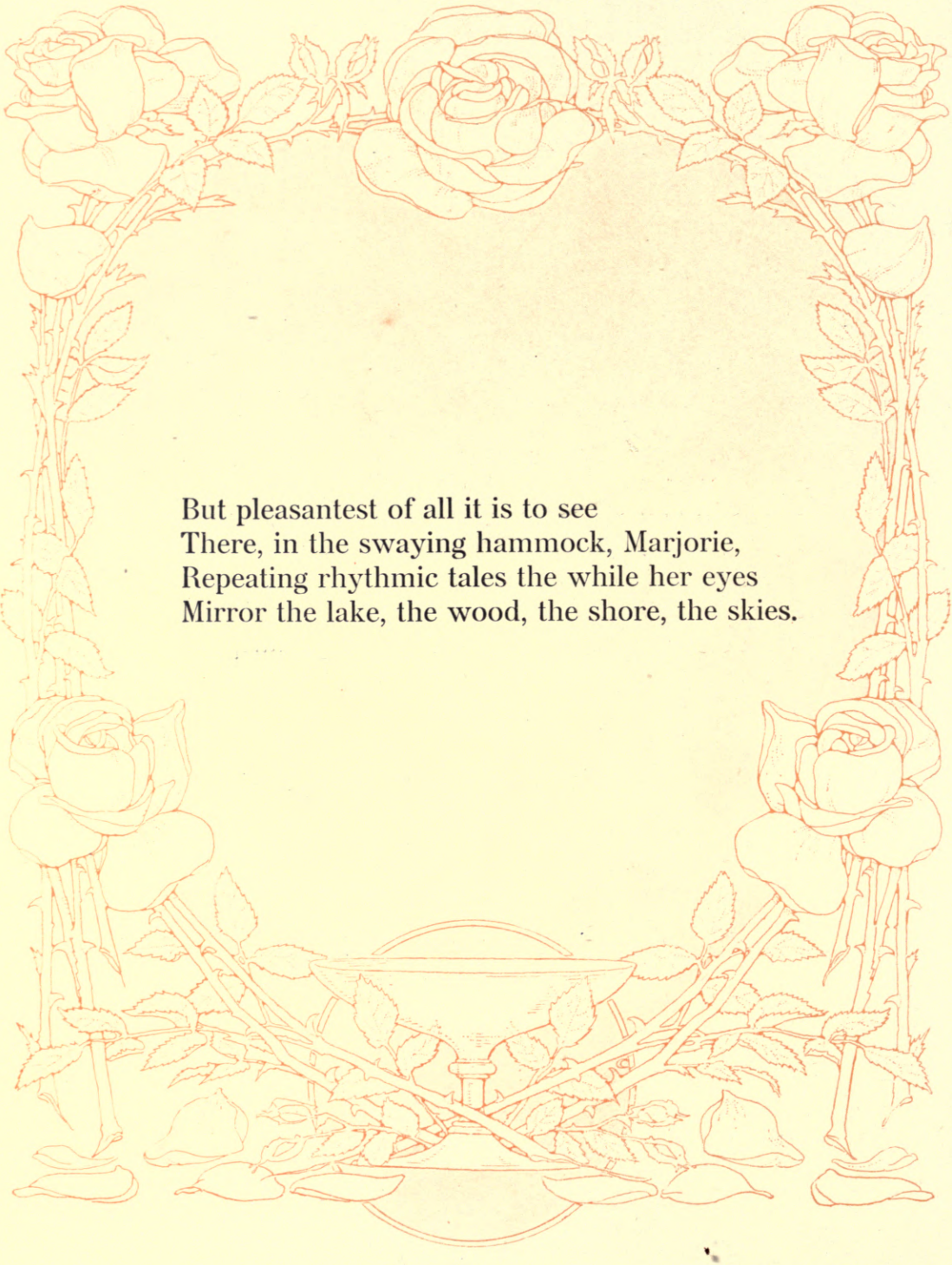


"The ever-shifting currents of the blood,
According to my humor, ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood:
That makes my only woe."

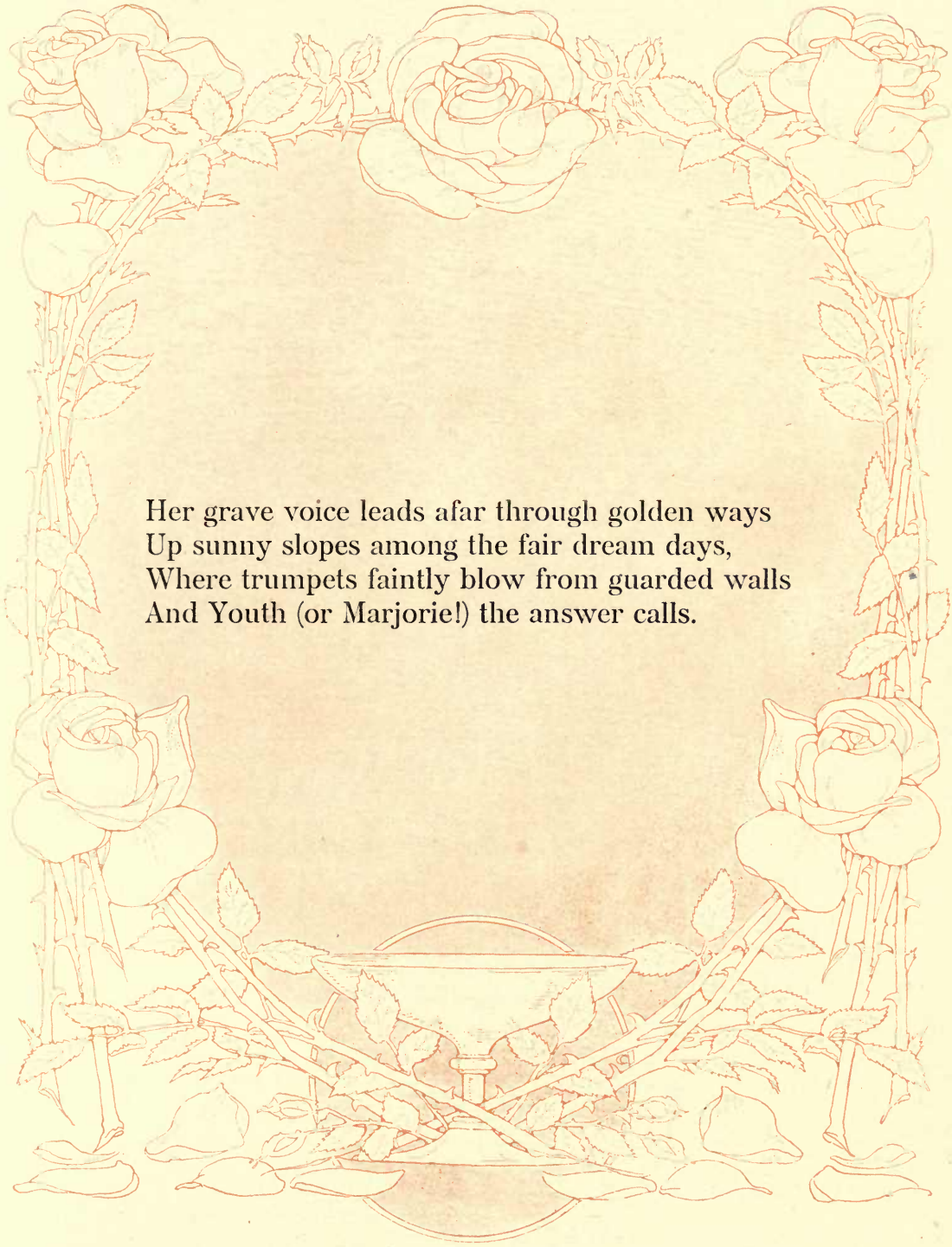




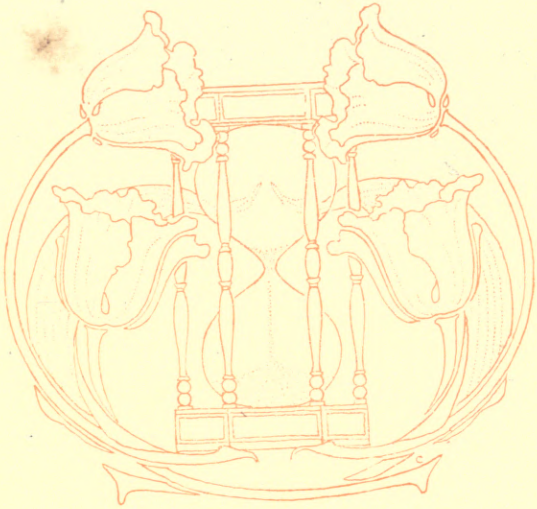
An arch of blue above a quiet lake,
And still low shores where languid ripples break;
In quiet deeps of wood the brooding June
Watches the shadows of late afternoon,
And o'er the water idle swallows slip
With startled cries, to find their wings adrip!



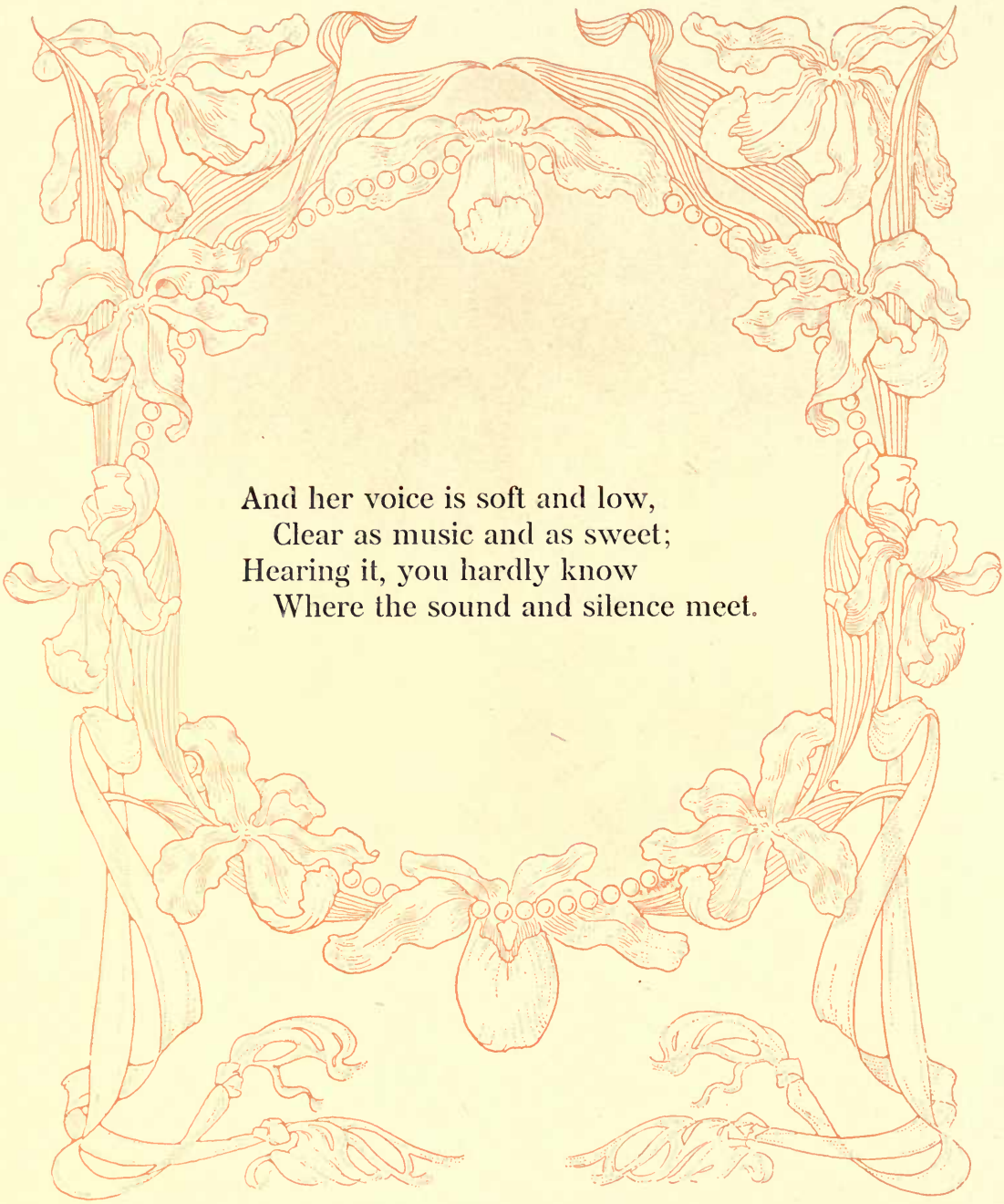
But pleasantest of all it is to see
There, in the swaying hammock, Marjorie,
Repeating rhythmic tales the while her eyes
Mirror the lake, the wood, the shore, the skies.



Her grave voice leads afar through golden ways
Up sunny slopes among the fair dream days,
Where trumpets faintly blow from guarded walls
And Youth (or Marjorie!) the answer calls.



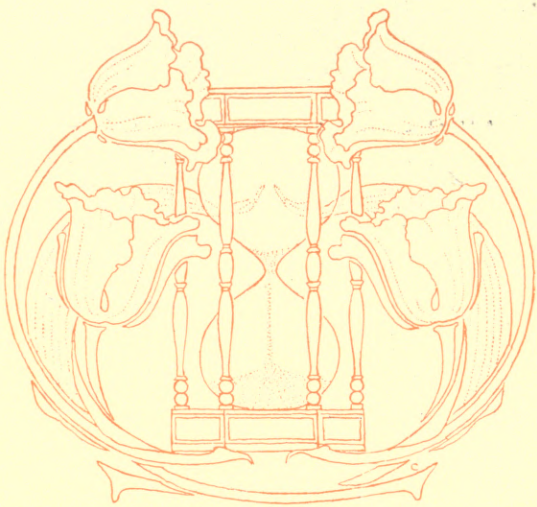
Her young face is good and fair,
Lily-white and rosy-red;
And the brown and silken hair
Hovers, mist-like, round her head.

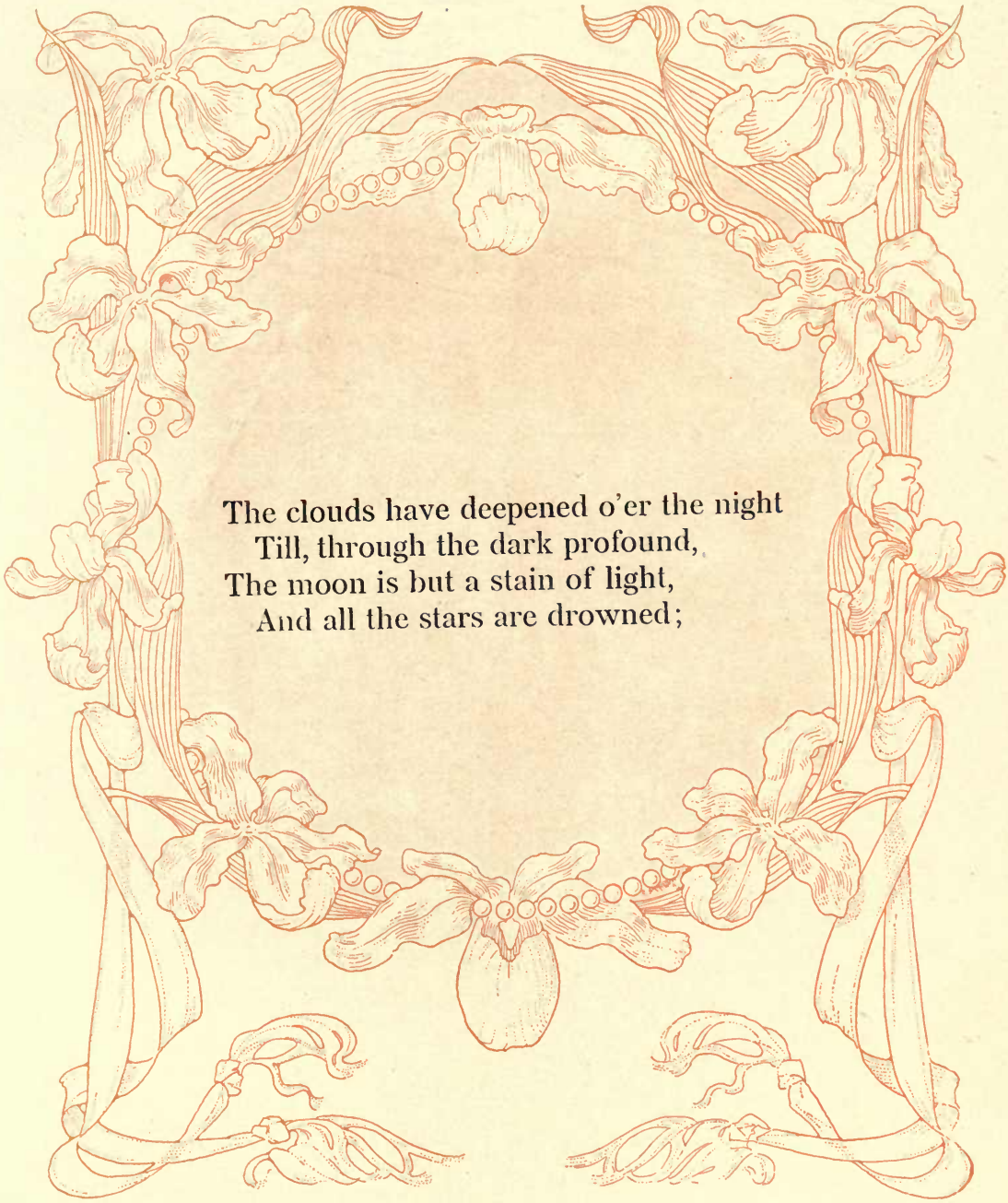


And her voice is soft and low,
Clear as music and as sweet;
Hearing it, you hardly know
Where the sound and silence meet.

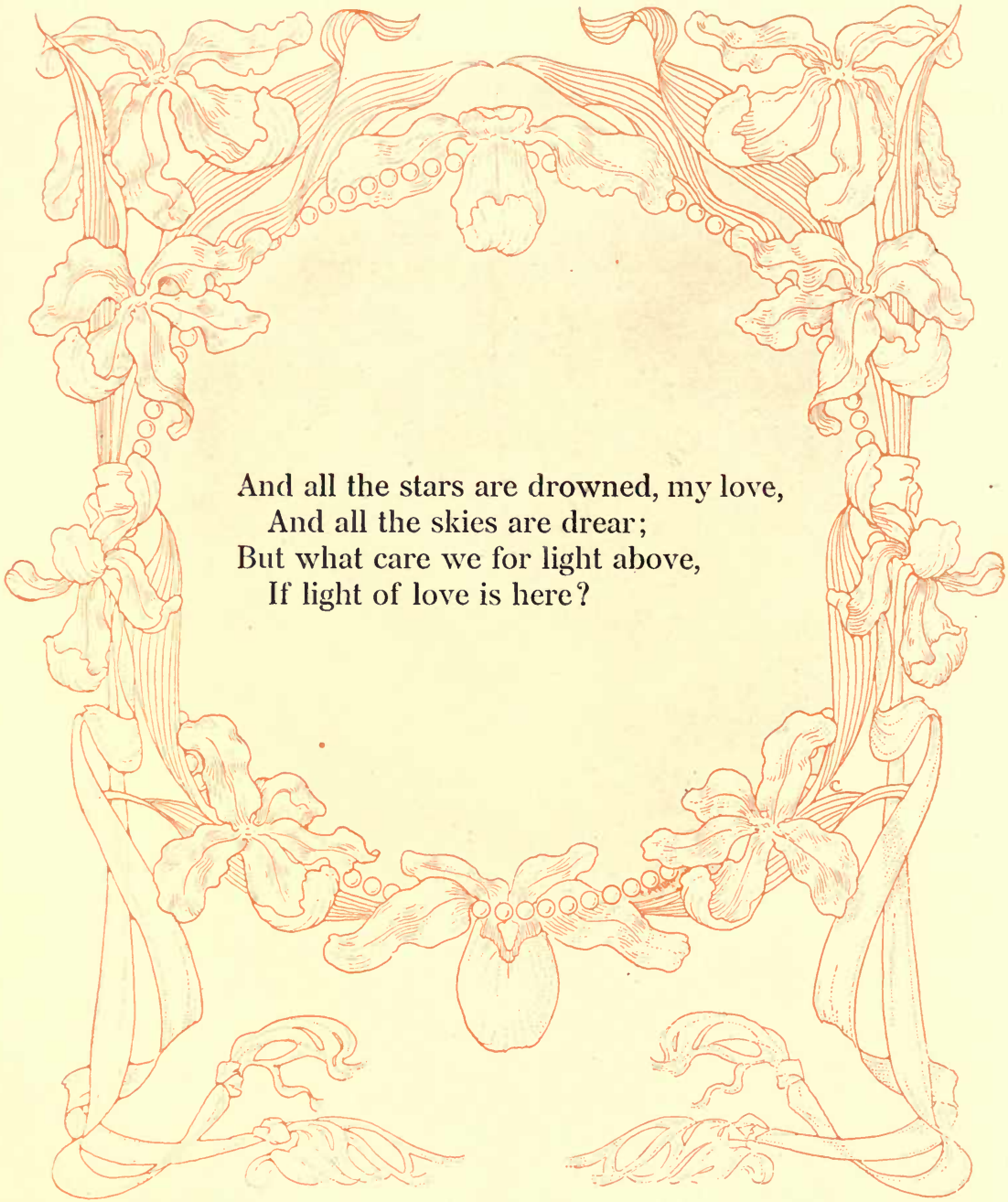
All the magic, who can tell,
Of her laughter and her sighs?
Or what heavenly meanings dwell
In her kind, confiding eyes?

All her ways are winning ways,
Full of tenderness and grace;
And a witching sweetness plays
Fondly o'er her gentle face.



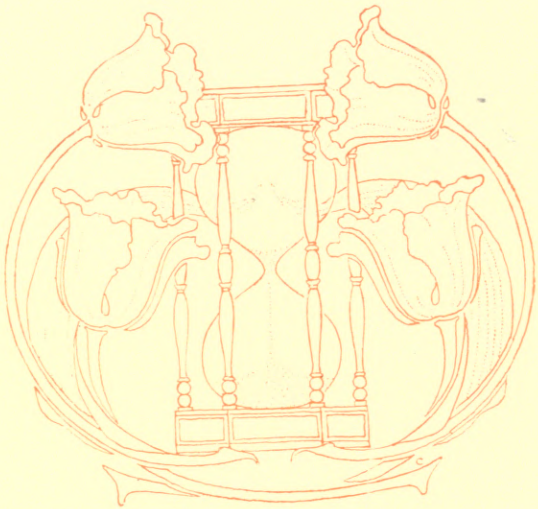


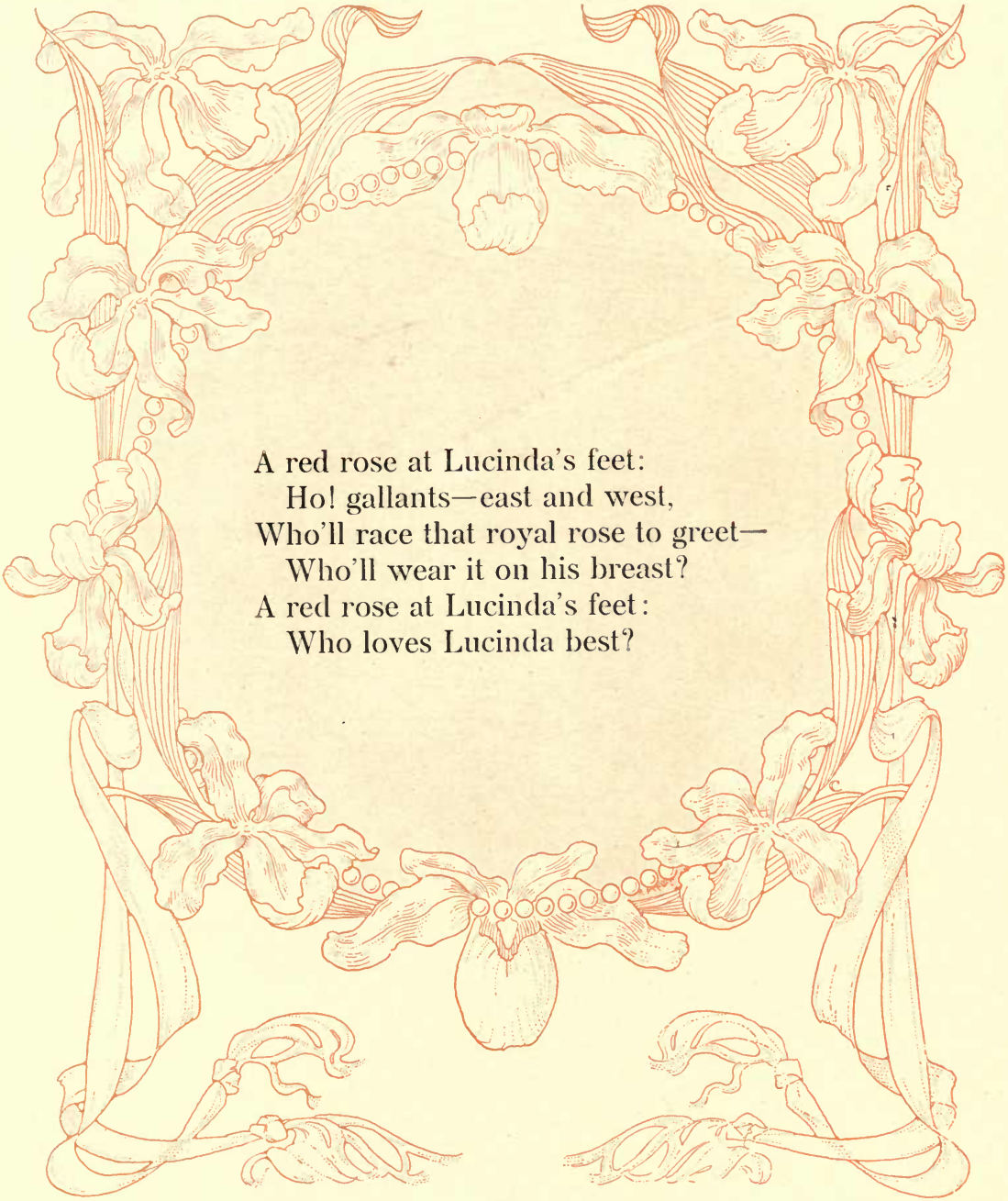
The clouds have deepened o'er the night
Till, through the dark profound,
The moon is but a stain of light,
And all the stars are drowned;



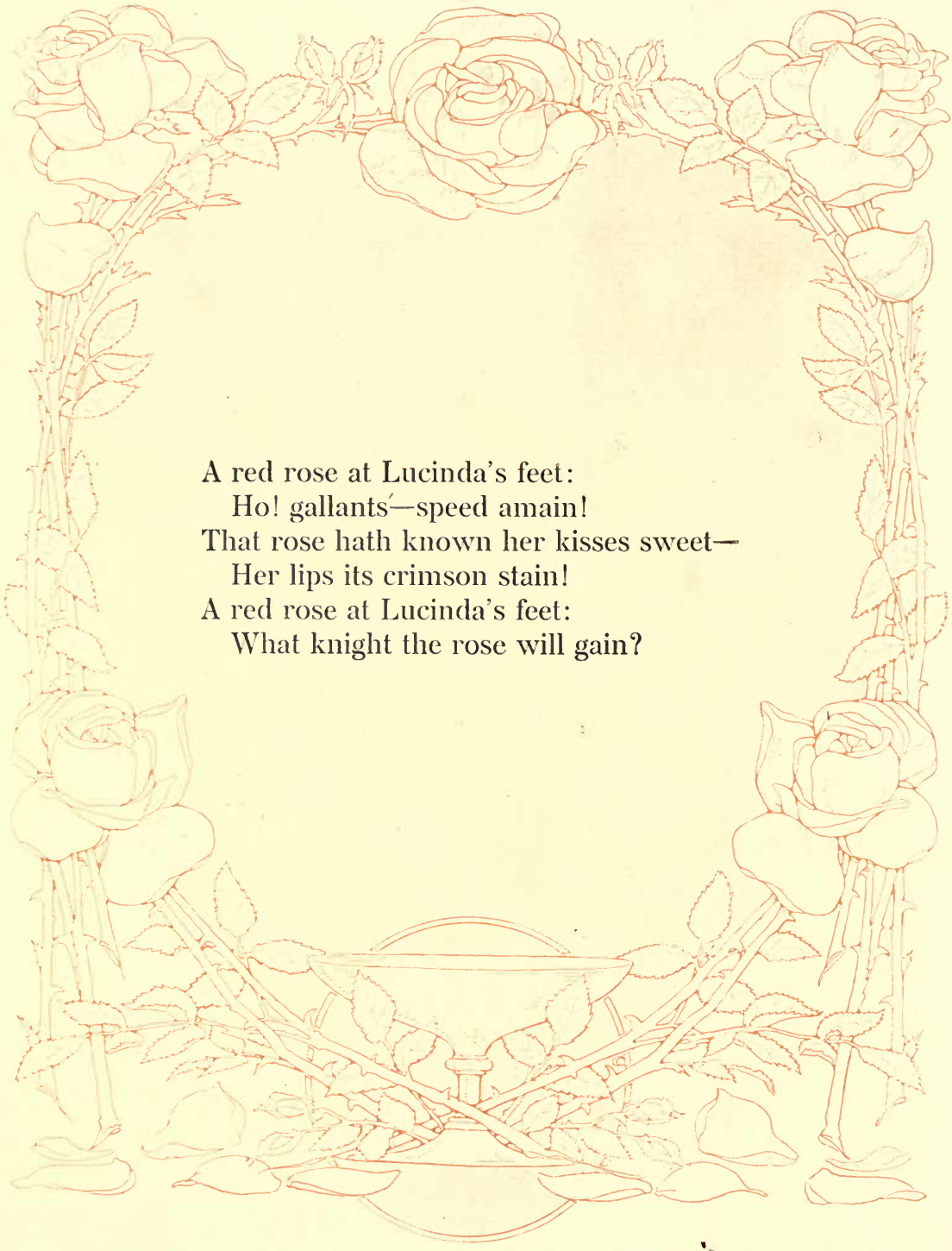
And all the stars are drowned, my love,
  And all the skies are drear;
But what care we for light above,
  If light of love is here?

The wind is like a wounded thing
That beats about the gloom
With baffled breast and drooping wing,
And wail of deepest doom;
And wail of deepest doom, my love;
But what have we to fear
From night, or rain, or winds above,
With love and laughter here?

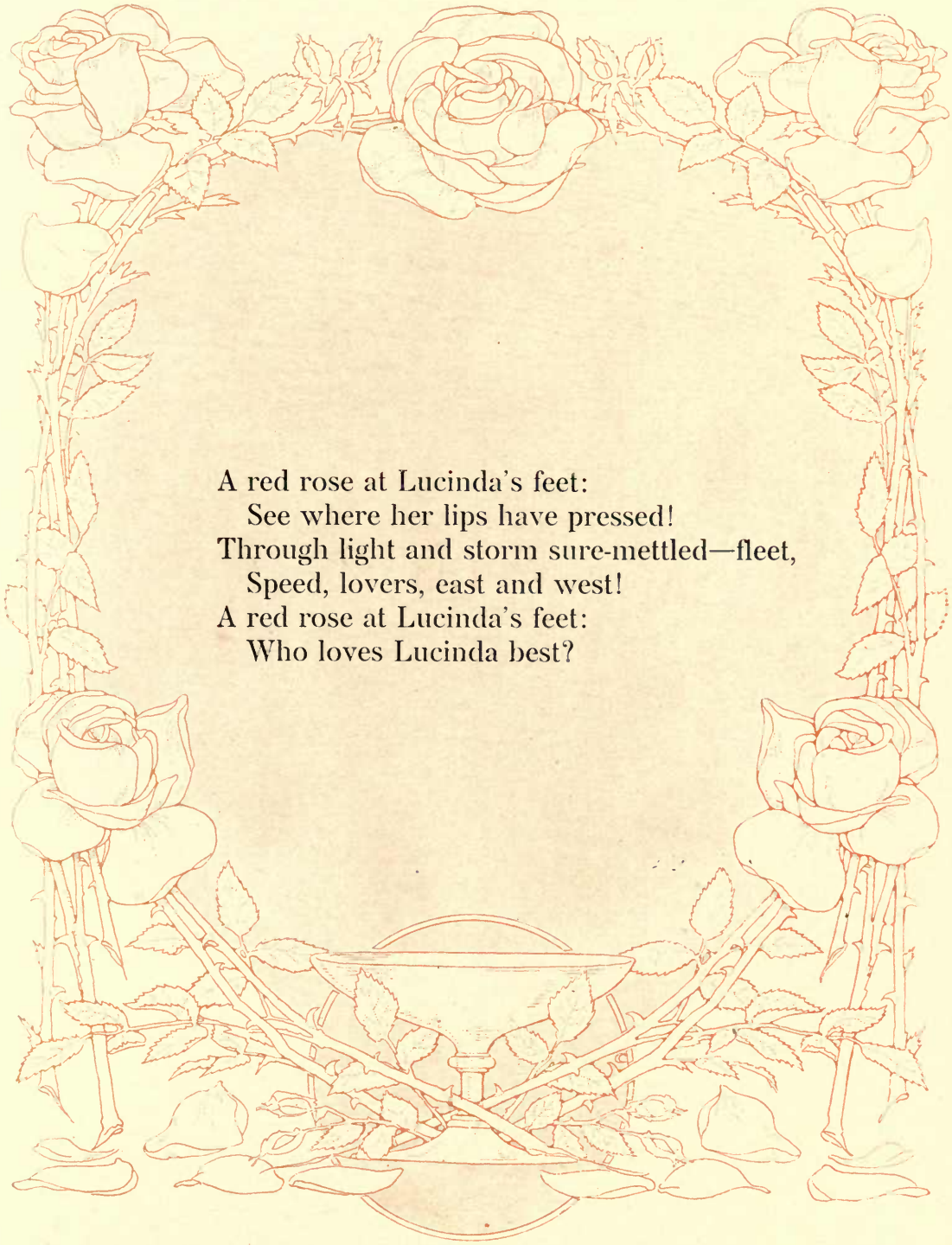




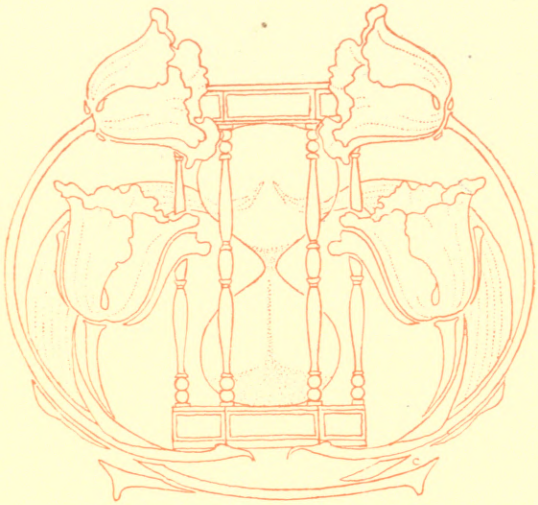
A red rose at Lucinda's feet:
Ho! gallants—east and west,
Who'll race that royal rose to greet—
Who'll wear it on his breast?
A red rose at Lucinda's feet:
Who loves Lucinda best?



A red rose at Lucinda's feet:
Ho! gallants—speed amain!
That rose hath known her kisses sweet—
Her lips its crimson stain!
A red rose at Lucinda's feet:
What knight the rose will gain?

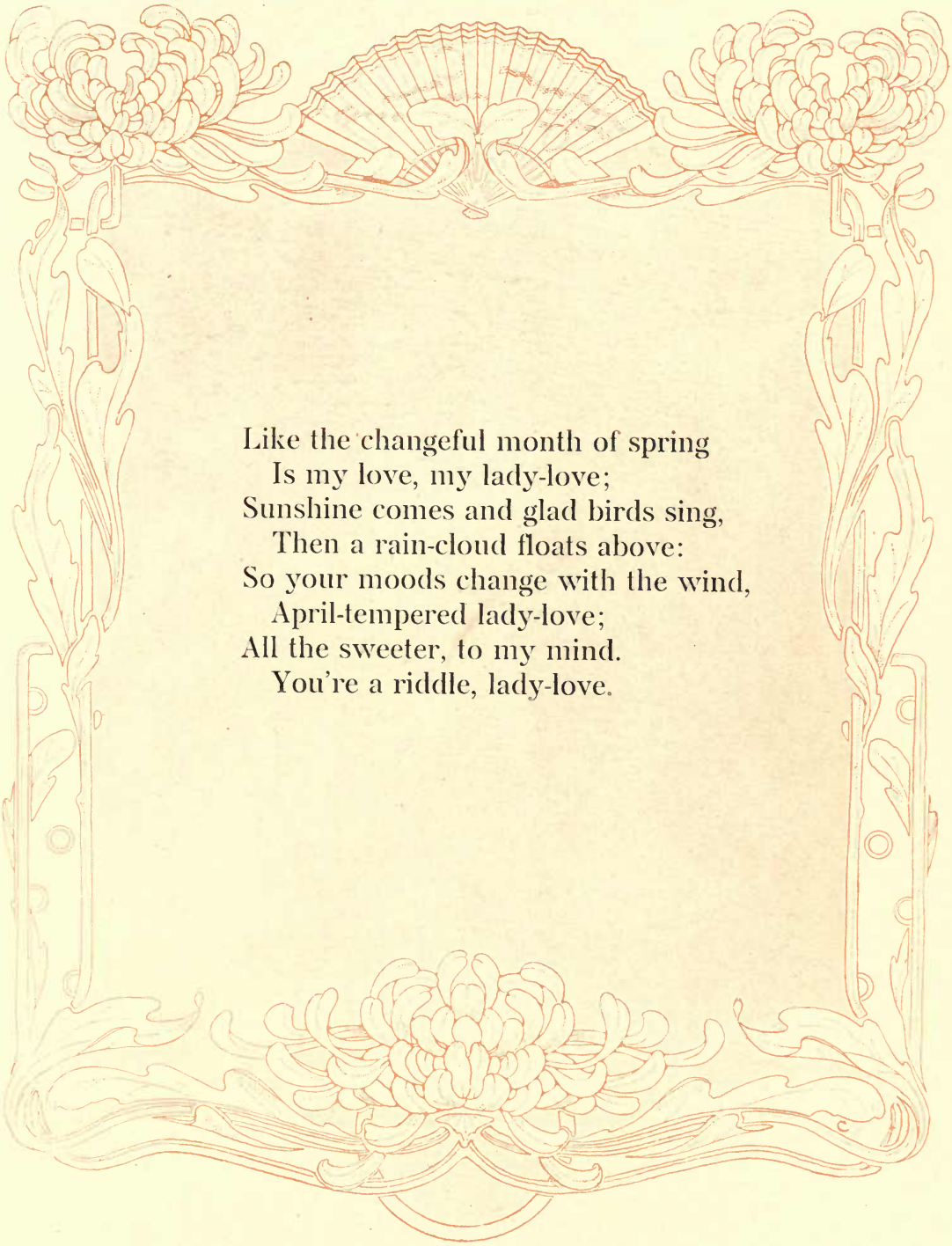


A red rose at Lucinda's feet:
  See where her lips have pressed!
Through light and storm sure-mettled—fleet,
  Speed, lovers, east and west!
A red rose at Lucinda's feet:
  Who loves Lucinda best?

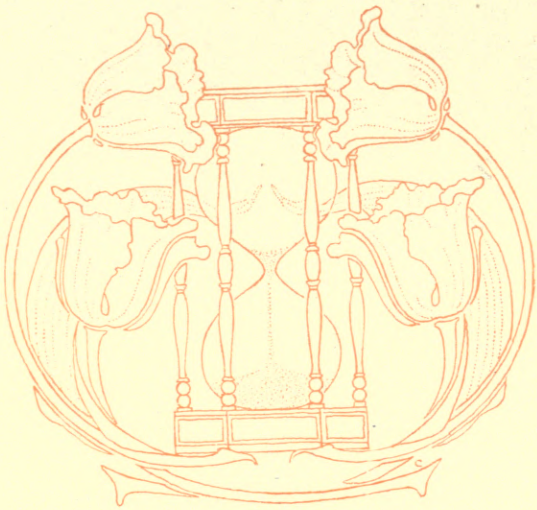


Like a lilac in the spring
Is my love, my lady-love;
Purple-white, the lilacs fling
Scented blossoms from above:
So my love, my lady-love,
Throws soft glances on my heart;
Ah, my dainty lady-love,
Every glance is Cupid's dart.

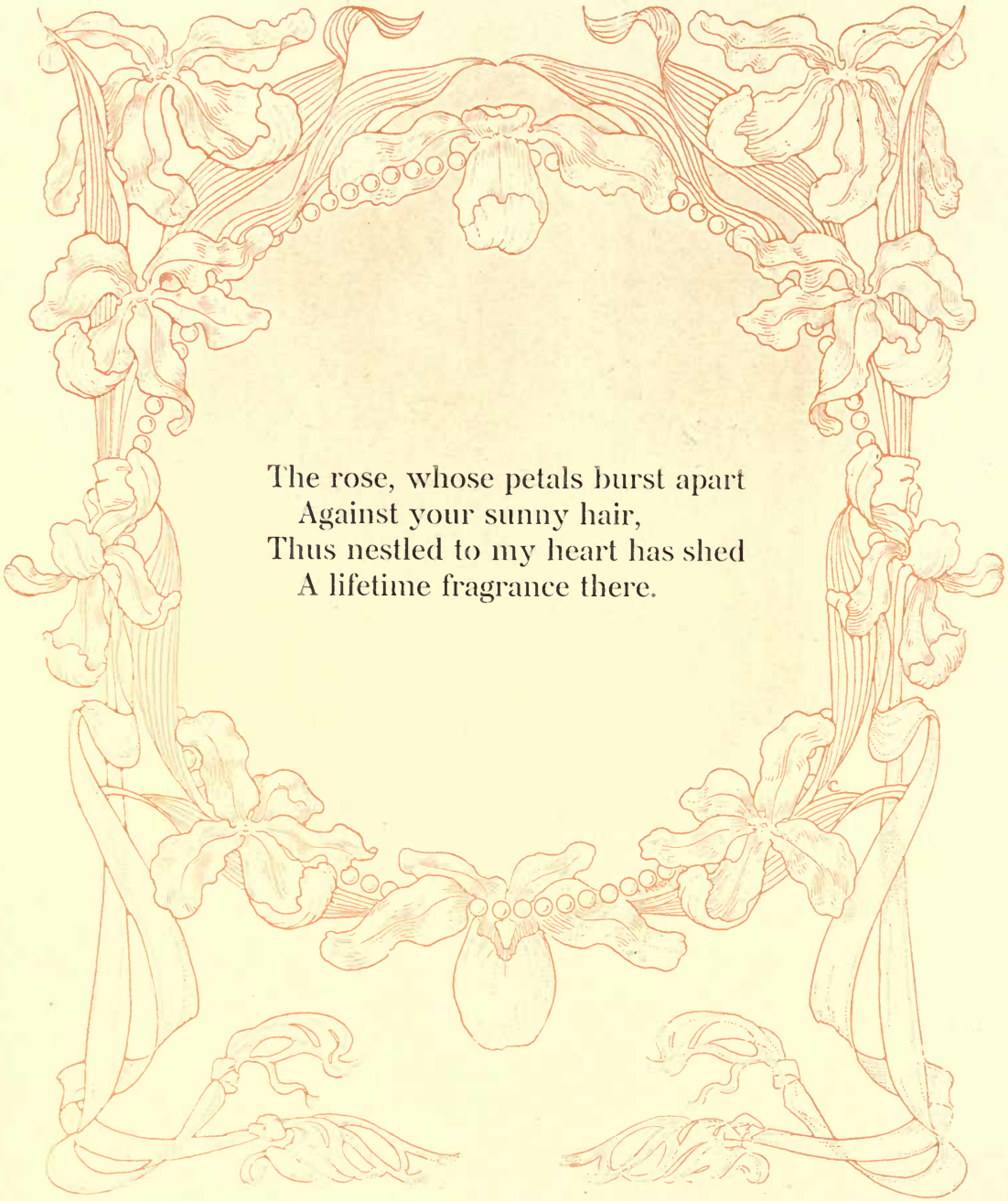
Like a pansy in the spring
Is my love, my lady-love;
For her velvet eyes oft bring
Golden fancies from above:
Ah, my heart is pansy-bound
By those eyes so tender-true;
Balmy heart's-ease have I found,
Dainty lady-love, in you.



Like the changeful month of spring
Is my love, my lady-love;
Sunshine comes and glad birds sing,
Then a rain-cloud floats above:
So your moods change with the wind,
April-tempered lady-love;
All the sweeter, to my mind.
You're a riddle, lady-love.

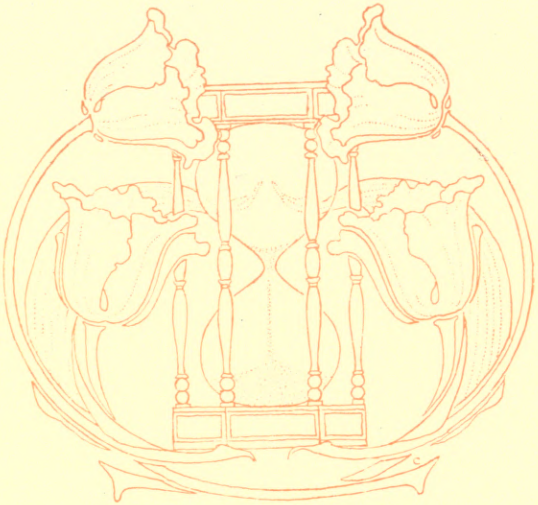


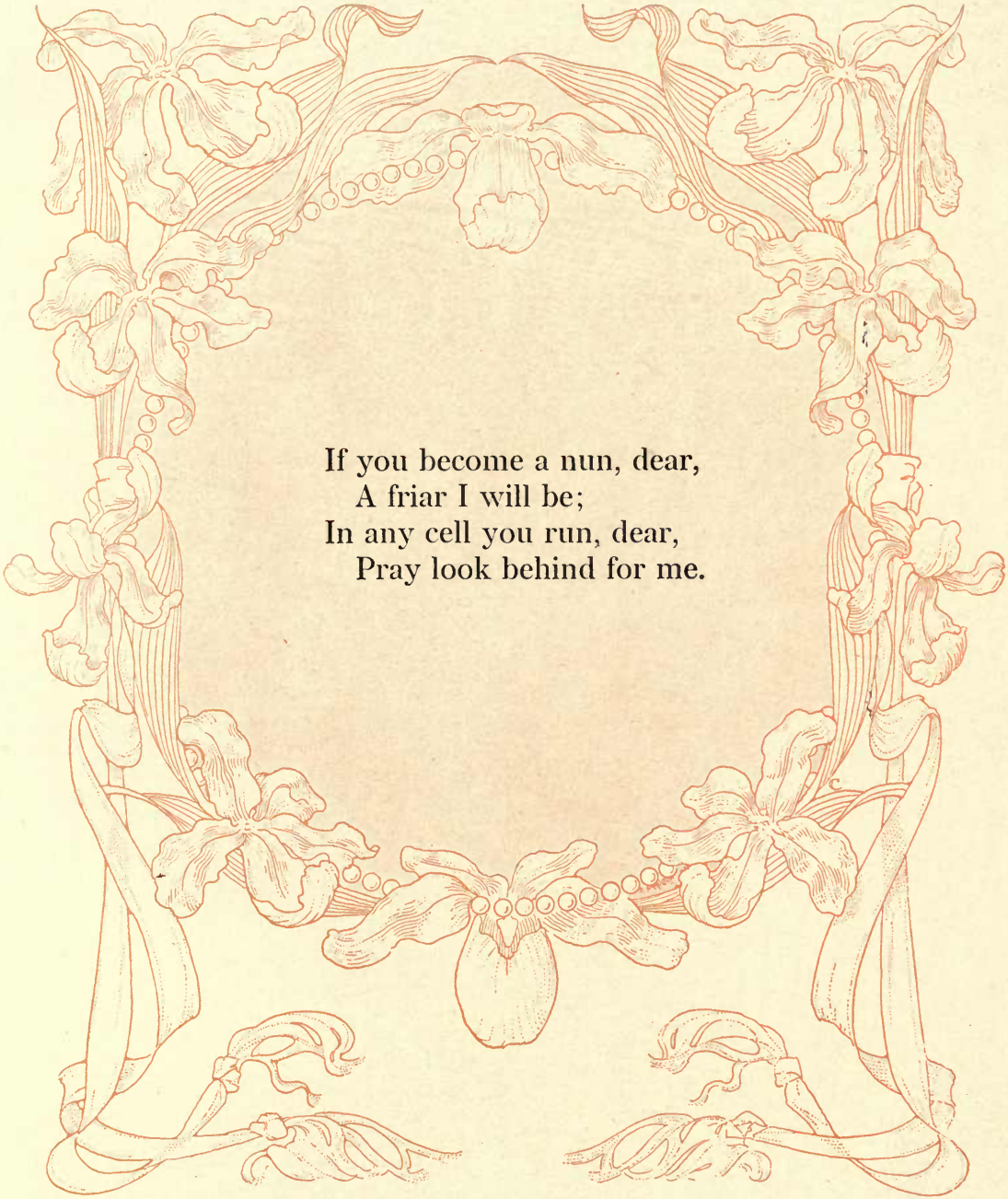
Sweetheart, I dare not think how soon
Our clasping hands must part,
Our flying feet be out of tune,
And all untuned my heart:
The very sleeve that little hand
Caresses with its touch
Is thrilling 'neath the gentle clasp
That honors it so much.



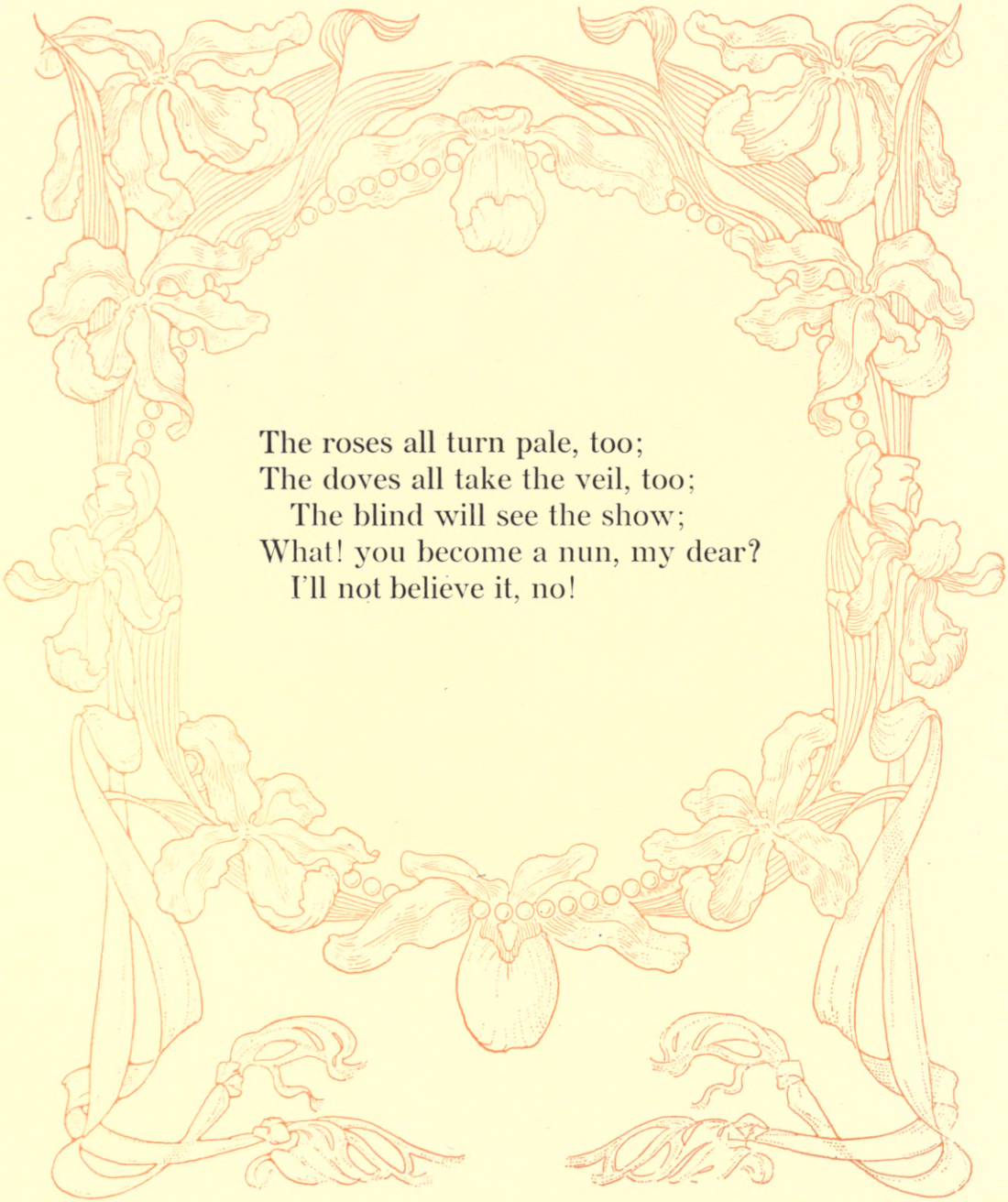
The rose, whose petals burst apart
Against your sunny hair,
Thus nestled to my heart has shed
A lifetime fragrance there.

Play on, O fairy strain, too soon
Will silence break the spell,
How sad, how sweet the last dear waltz
Before we say farewell.

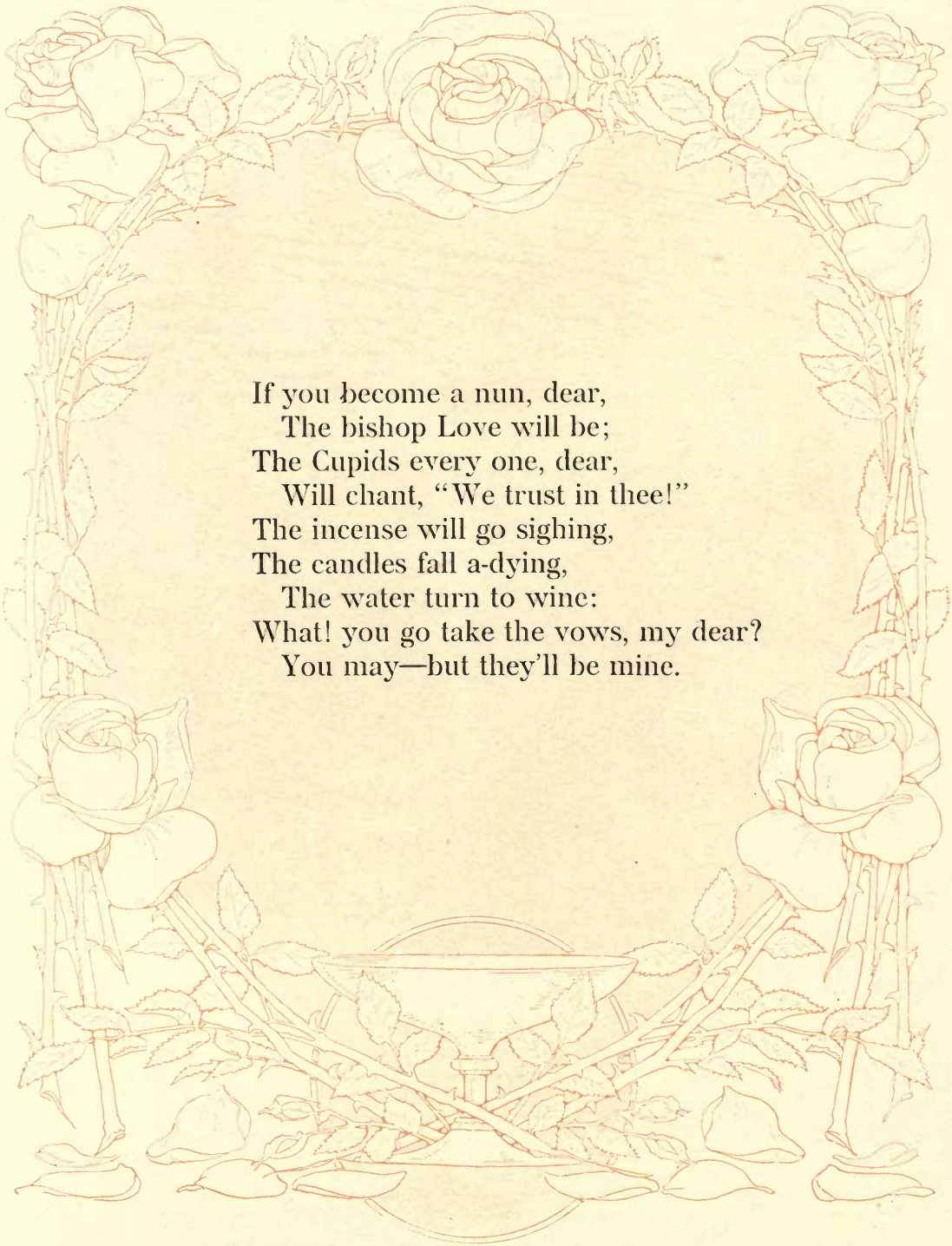




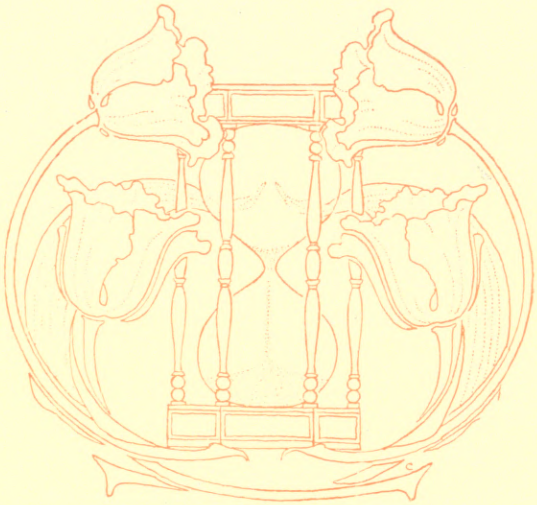
If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.



The roses all turn pale, too;
The doves all take the veil, too;
  The blind will see the show;
What! you become a nun, my dear?
  I'll not believe it, no!

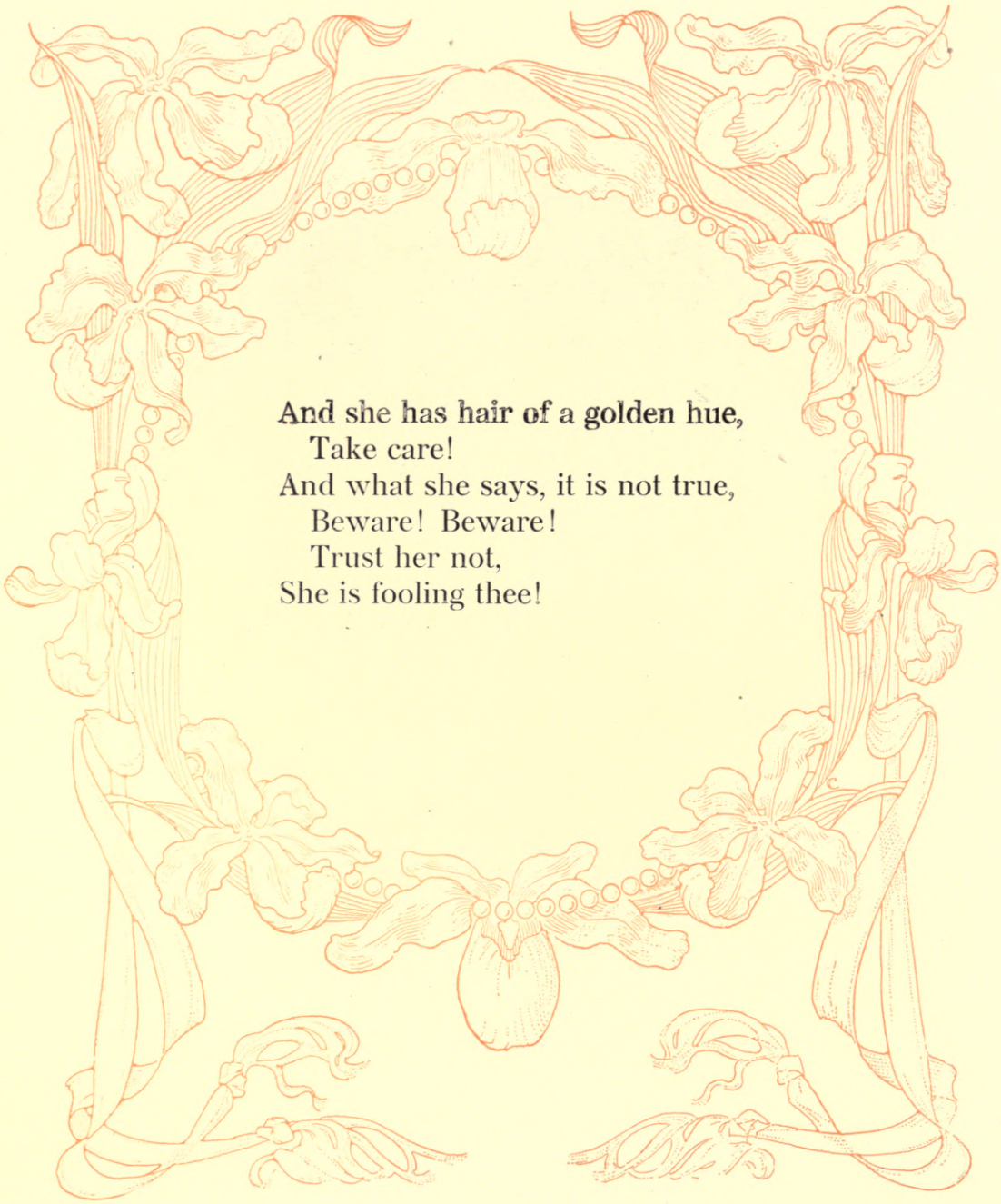


If you become a nun, dear,
  The bishop Love will be;
The Cupids every one, dear,
  Will chant, "We trust in thee!"
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a-dying,
  The water turn to wine:
What! you go take the vows, my dear?
  You may—but they'll be mine.



I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

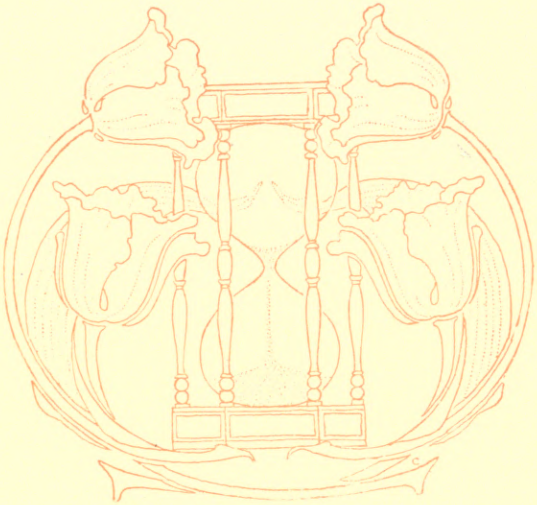
She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

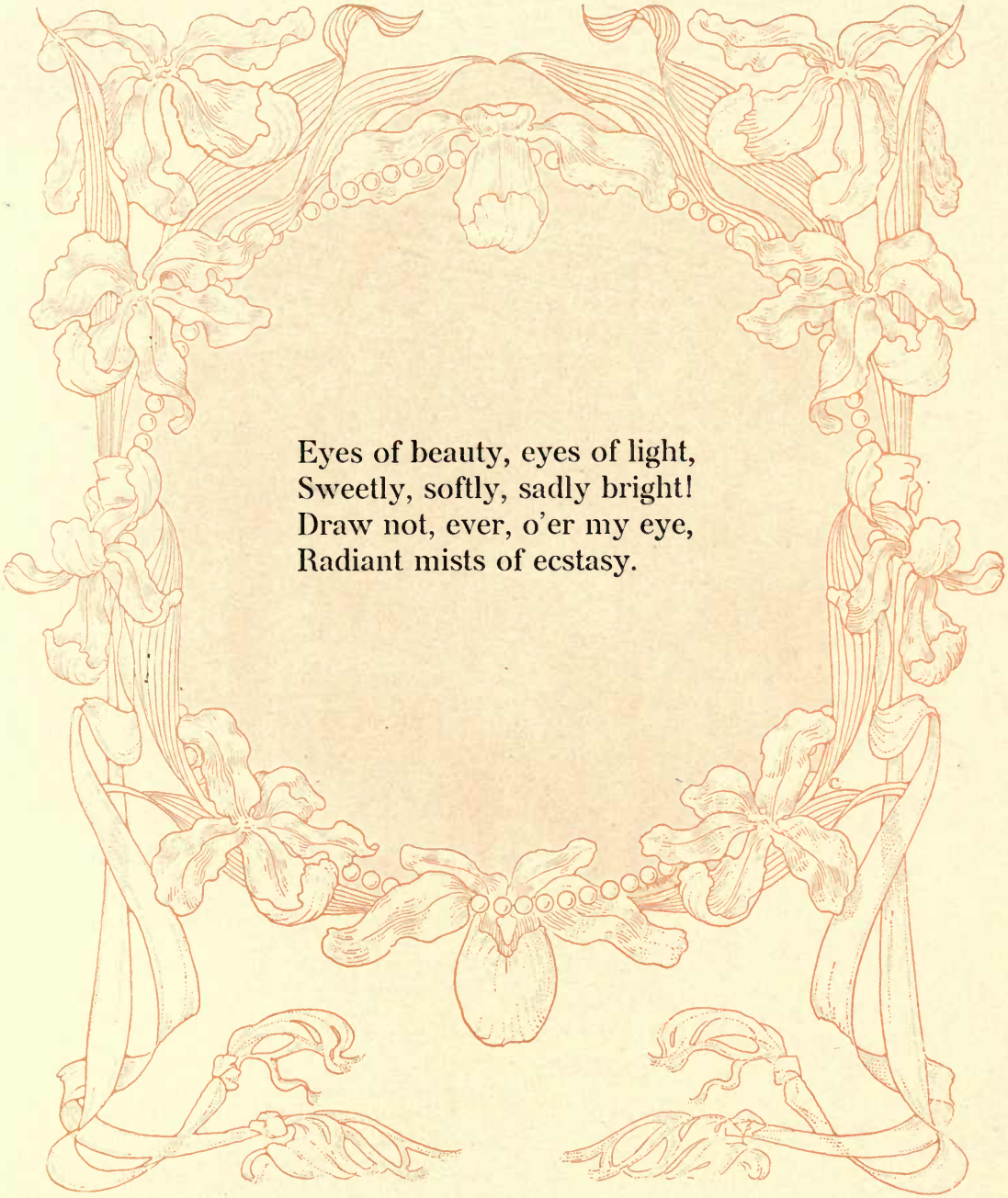


And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

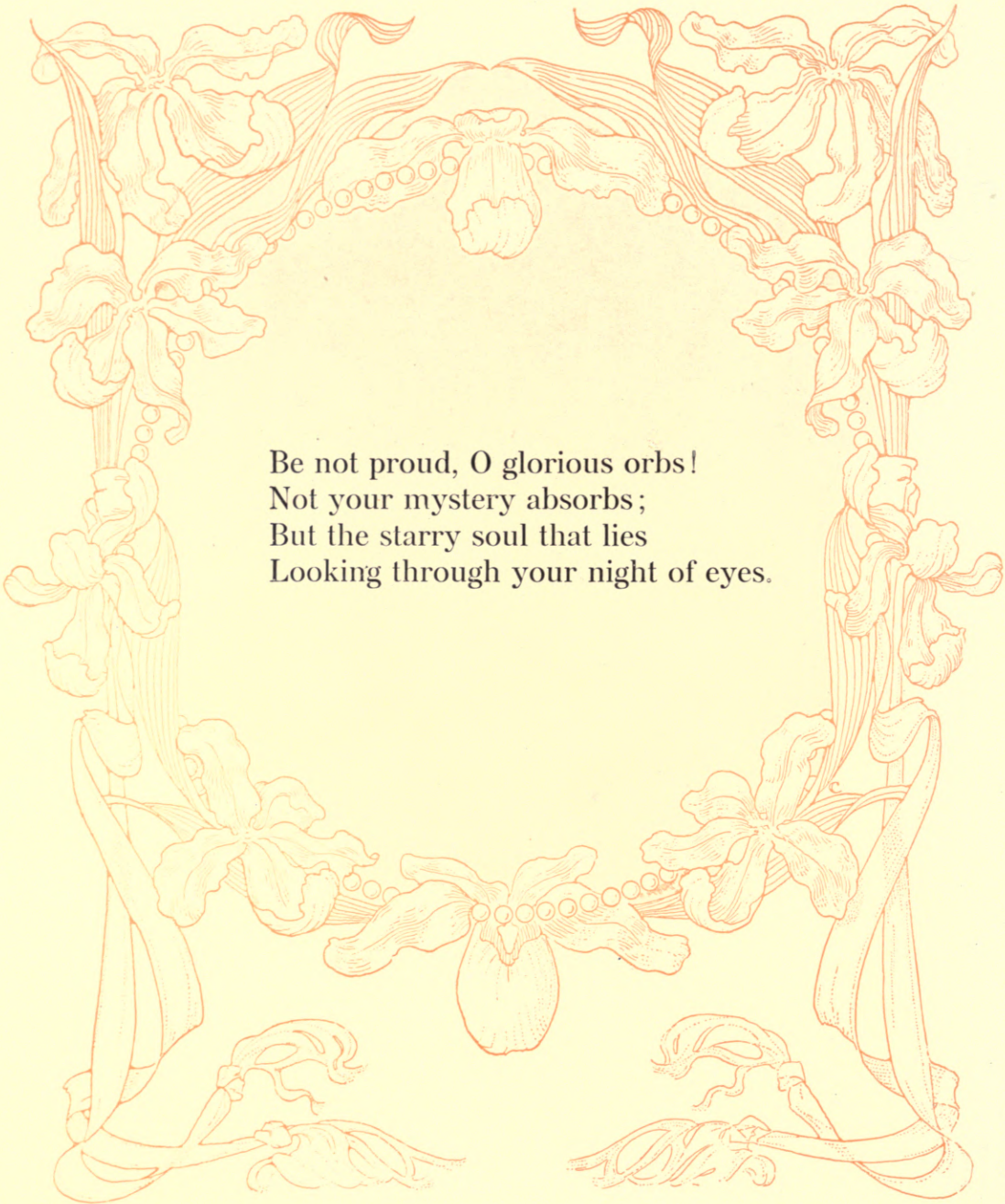
She has a bosom as white as snow;
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show;
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair;
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

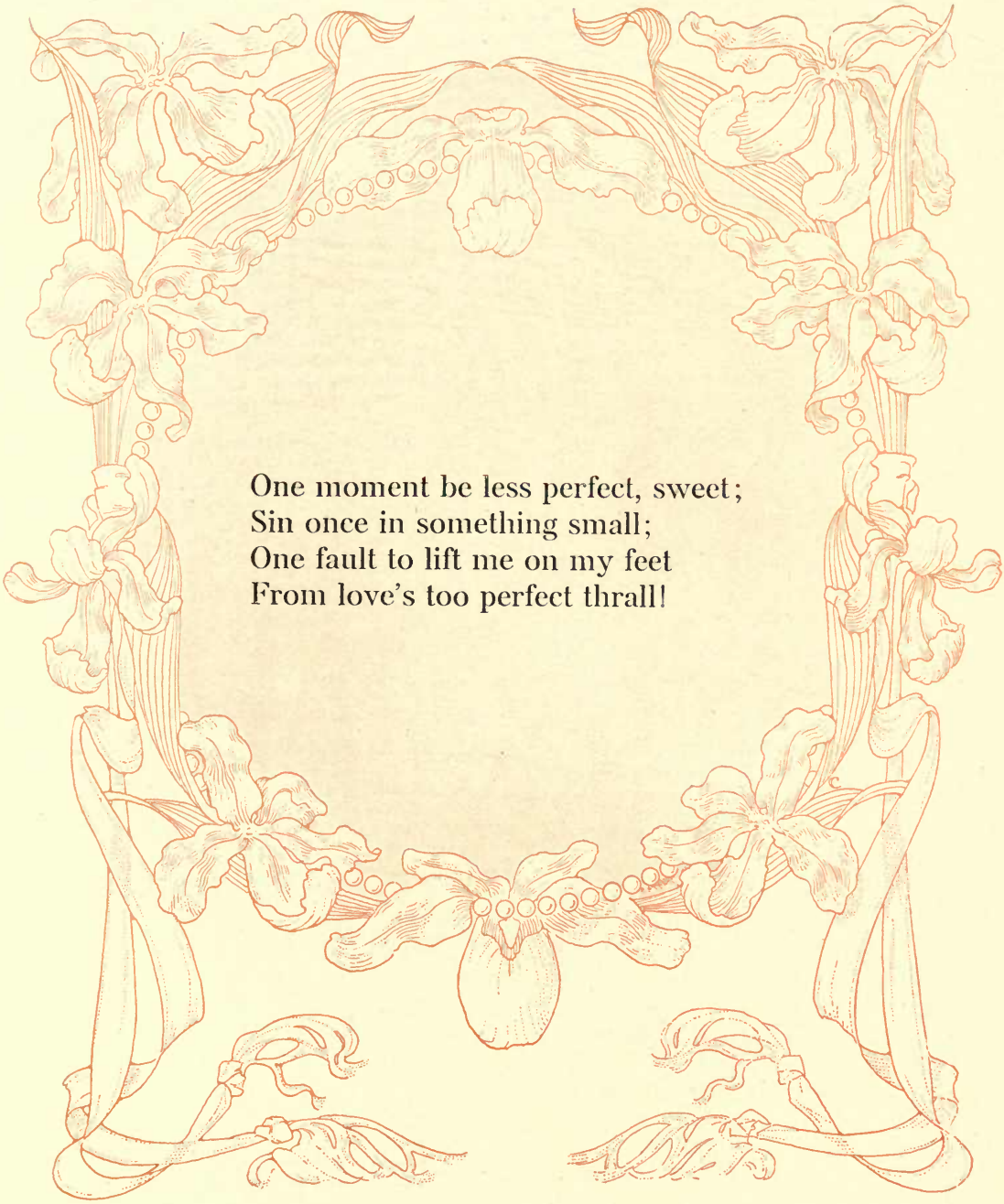




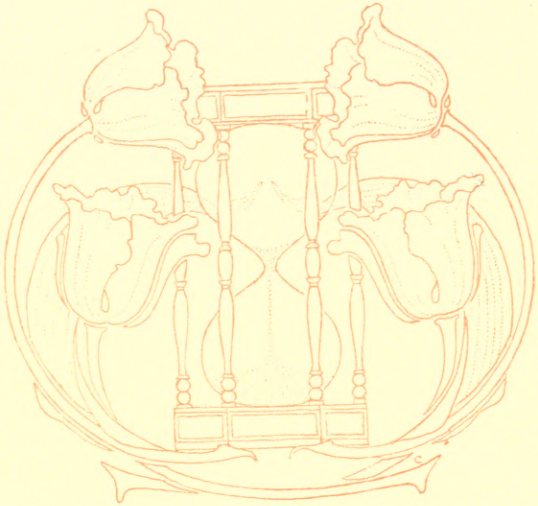
Eyes of beauty, eyes of light,
Sweetly, softly, sadly bright!
Draw not, ever, o'er my eye,
Radiant mists of ecstasy.

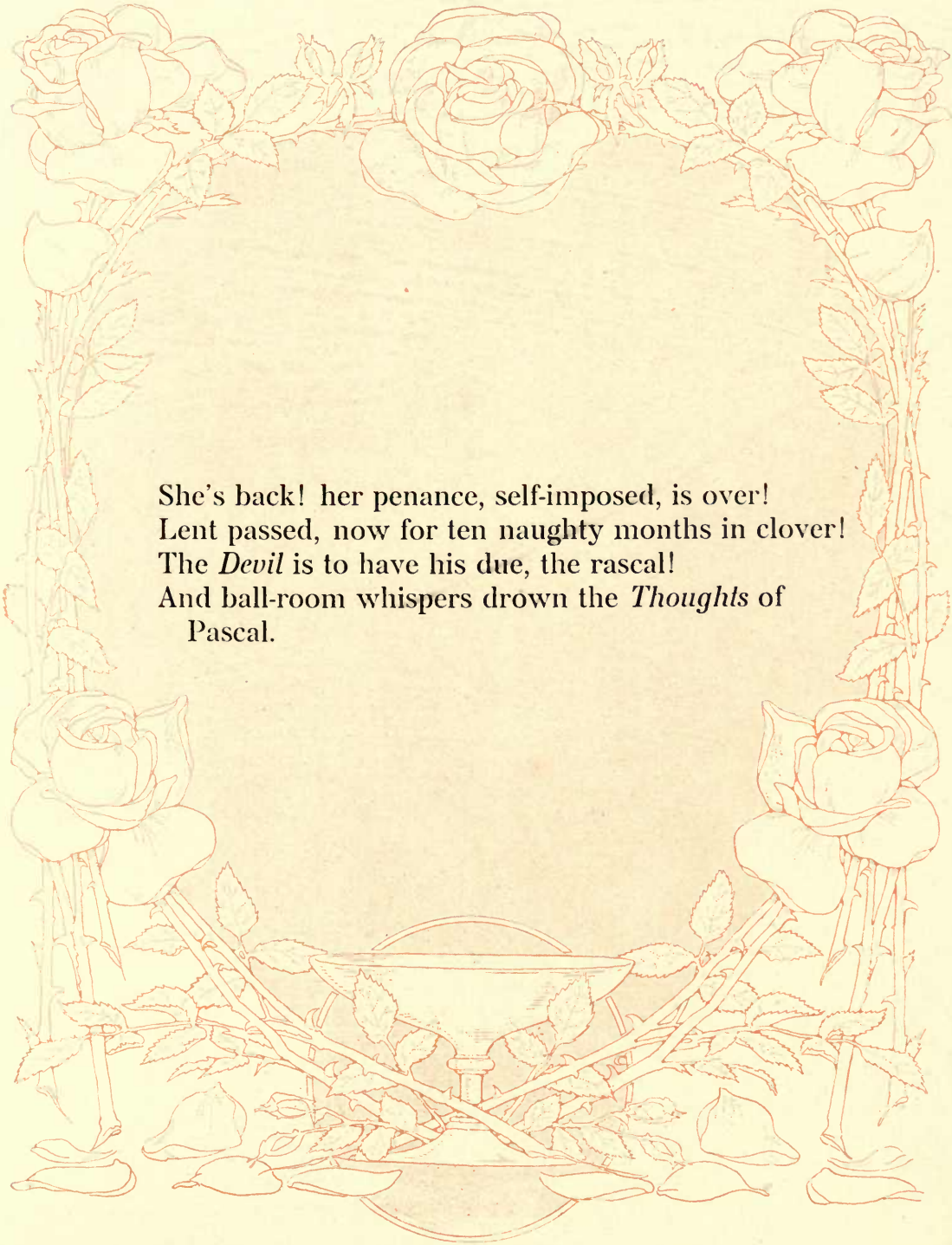


Be not proud, O glorious orbs!
Not your mystery absorbs;
But the starry soul that lies
Looking through your night of eyes.

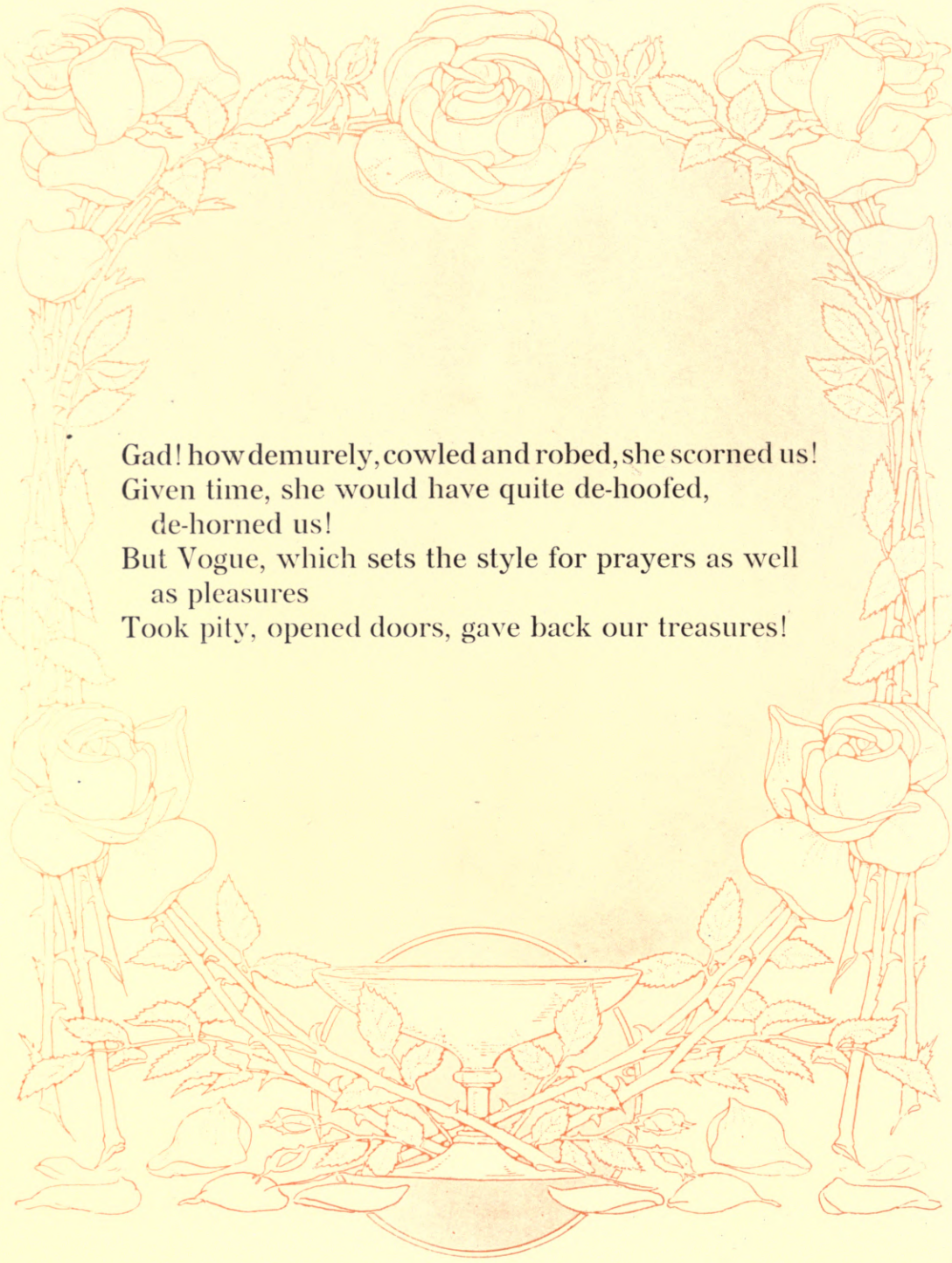


One moment be less perfect, sweet;
Sin once in something small;
One fault to lift me on my feet
From love's too perfect thrall!

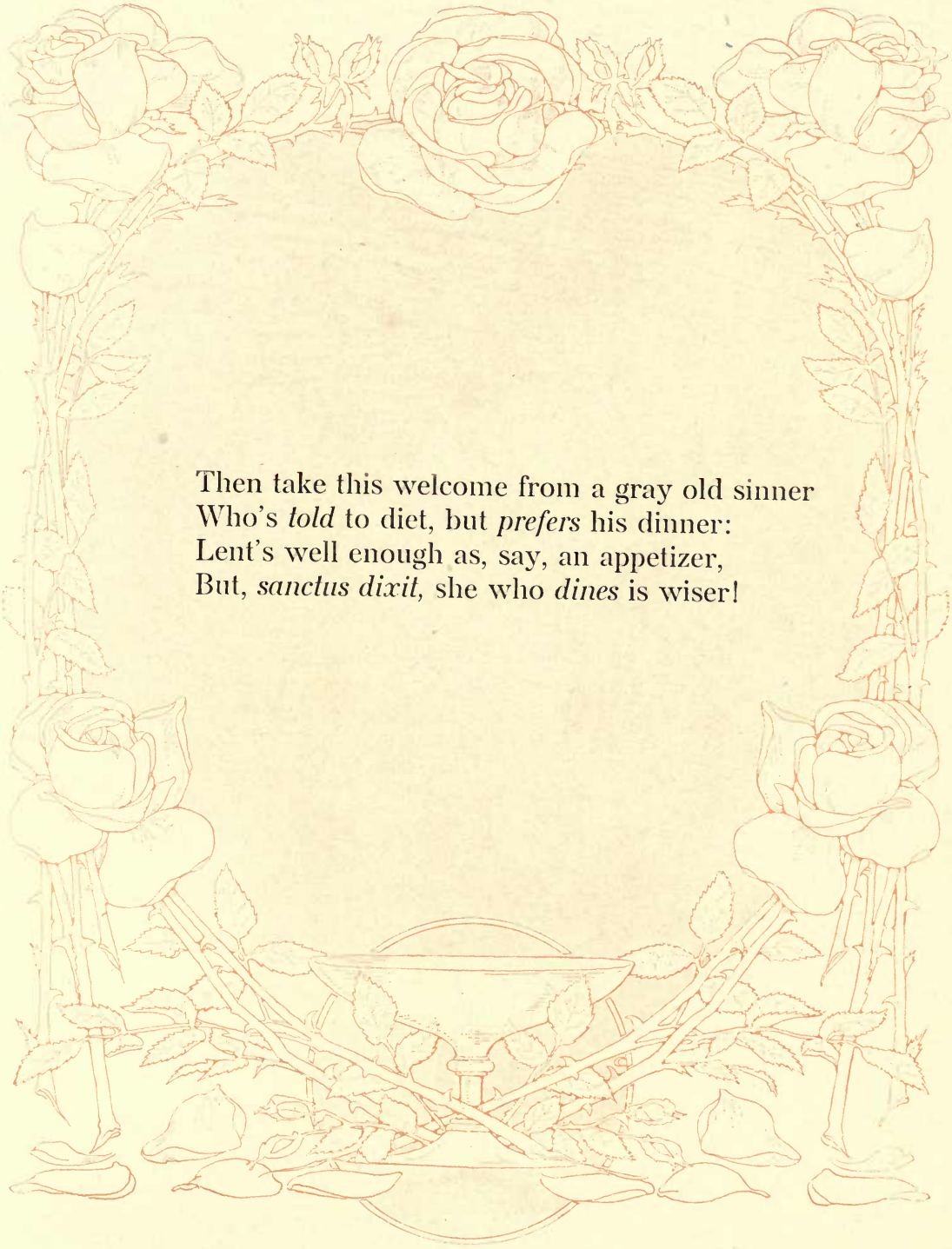




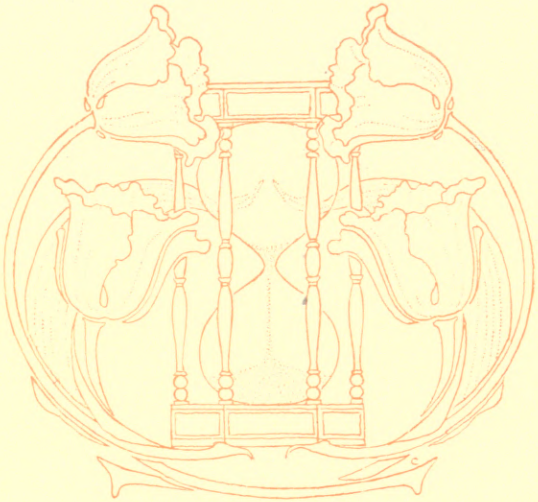
She's back! her penance, self-imposed, is over!
Lent passed, now for ten naughty months in clover!
The *Devil* is to have his due, the rascal!
And ball-room whispers drown the *Thoughts* of
Pascal.

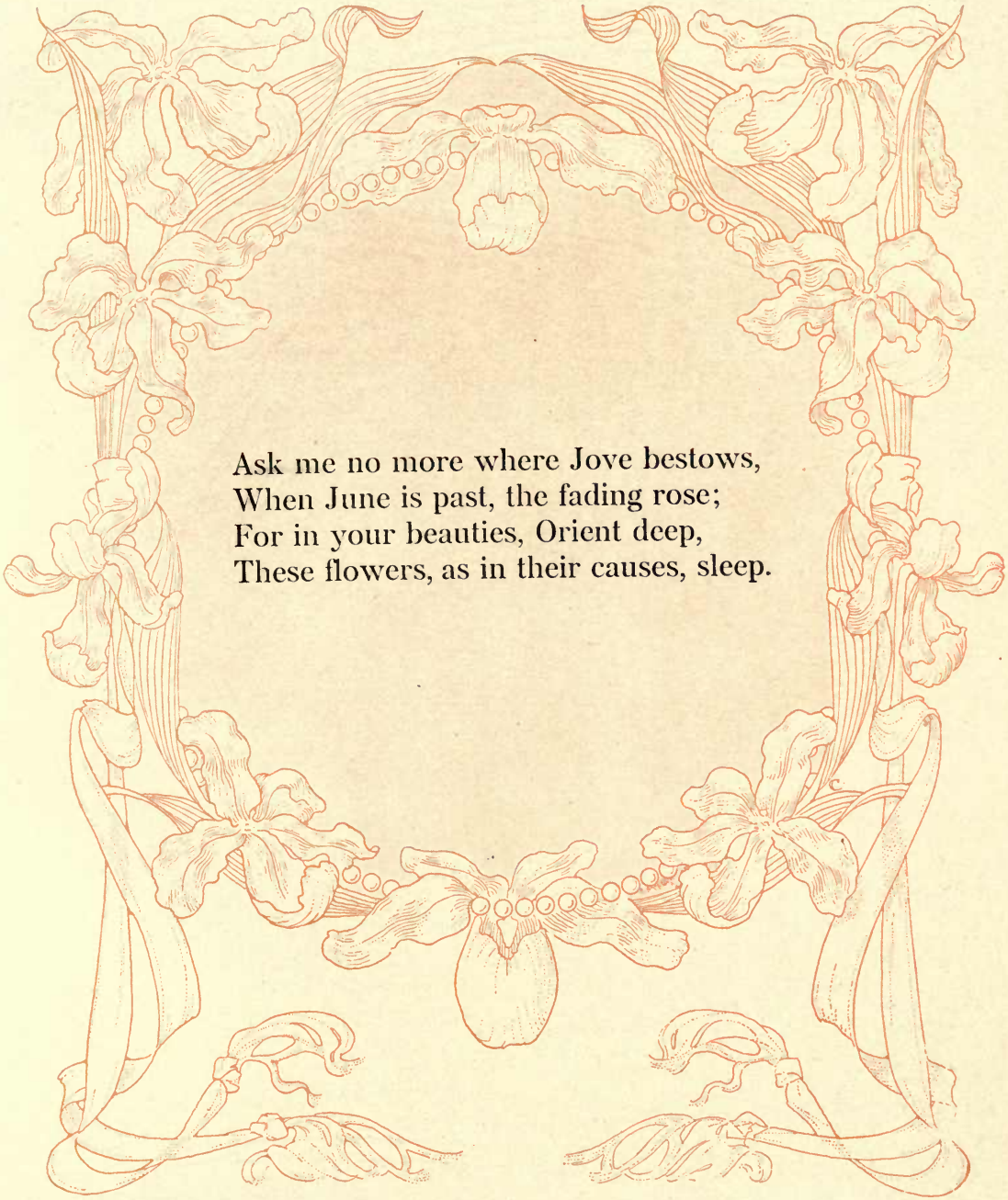


Gad! how demurely, cowled and robed, she scorned us!
Given time, she would have quite de-hoofed,
de-horned us!
But Vogue, which sets the style for prayers as well
as pleasures
Took pity, opened doors, gave back our treasures!

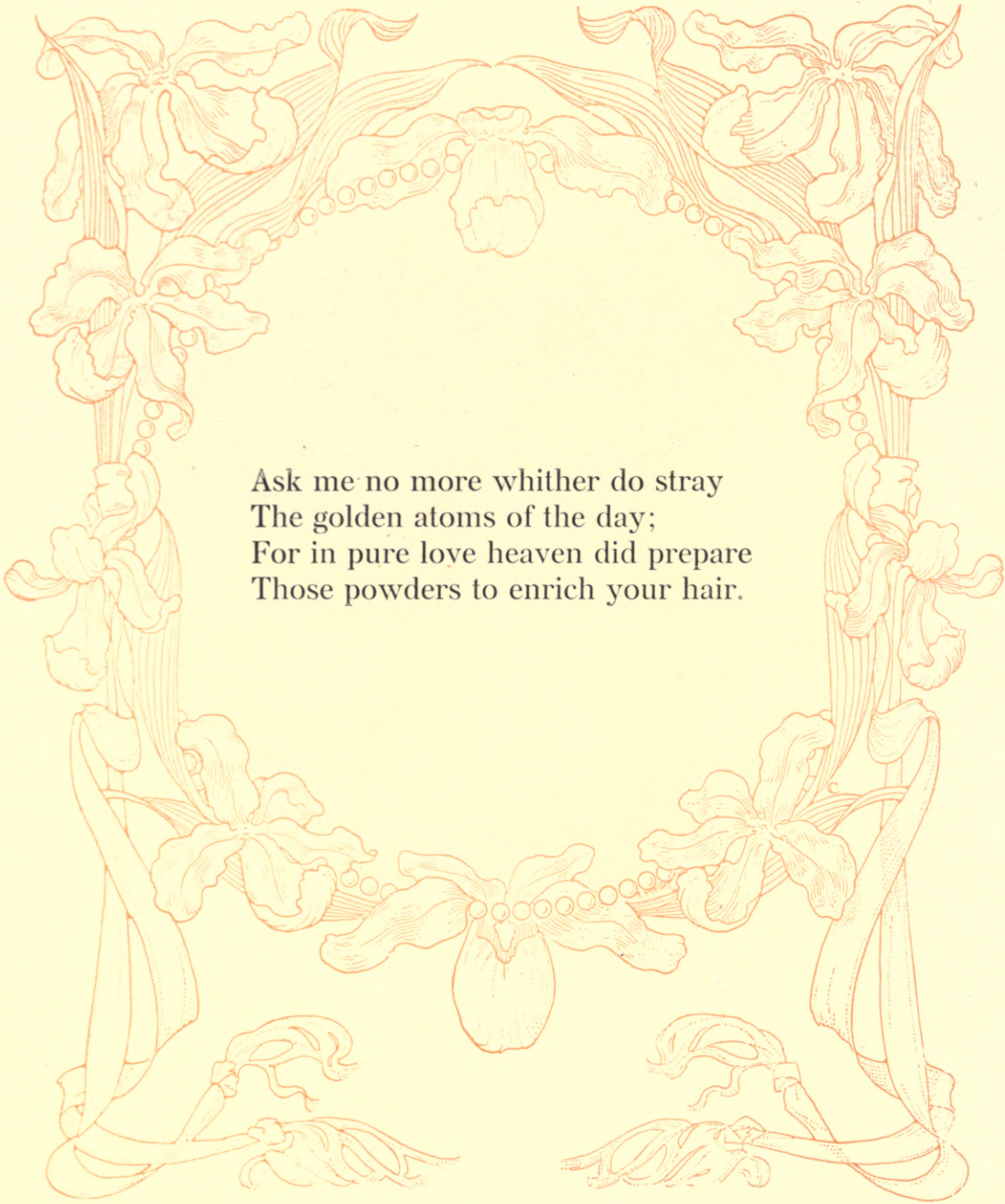


Then take this welcome from a gray old sinner
Who's *told* to diet, but *prefers* his dinner:
Lent's well enough as, say, an appetizer,
But, *sanctus dixit,* she who *dines* is wiser!



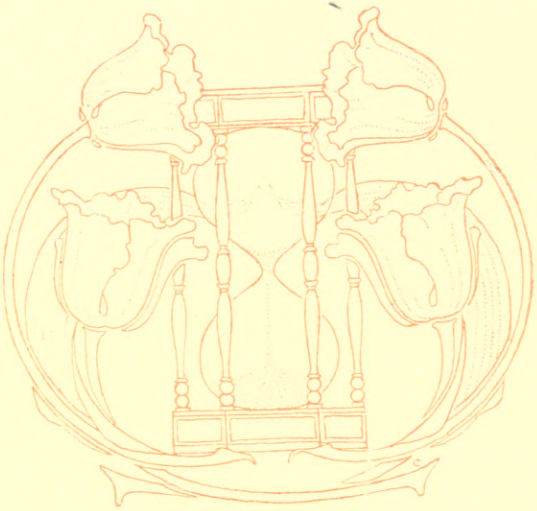


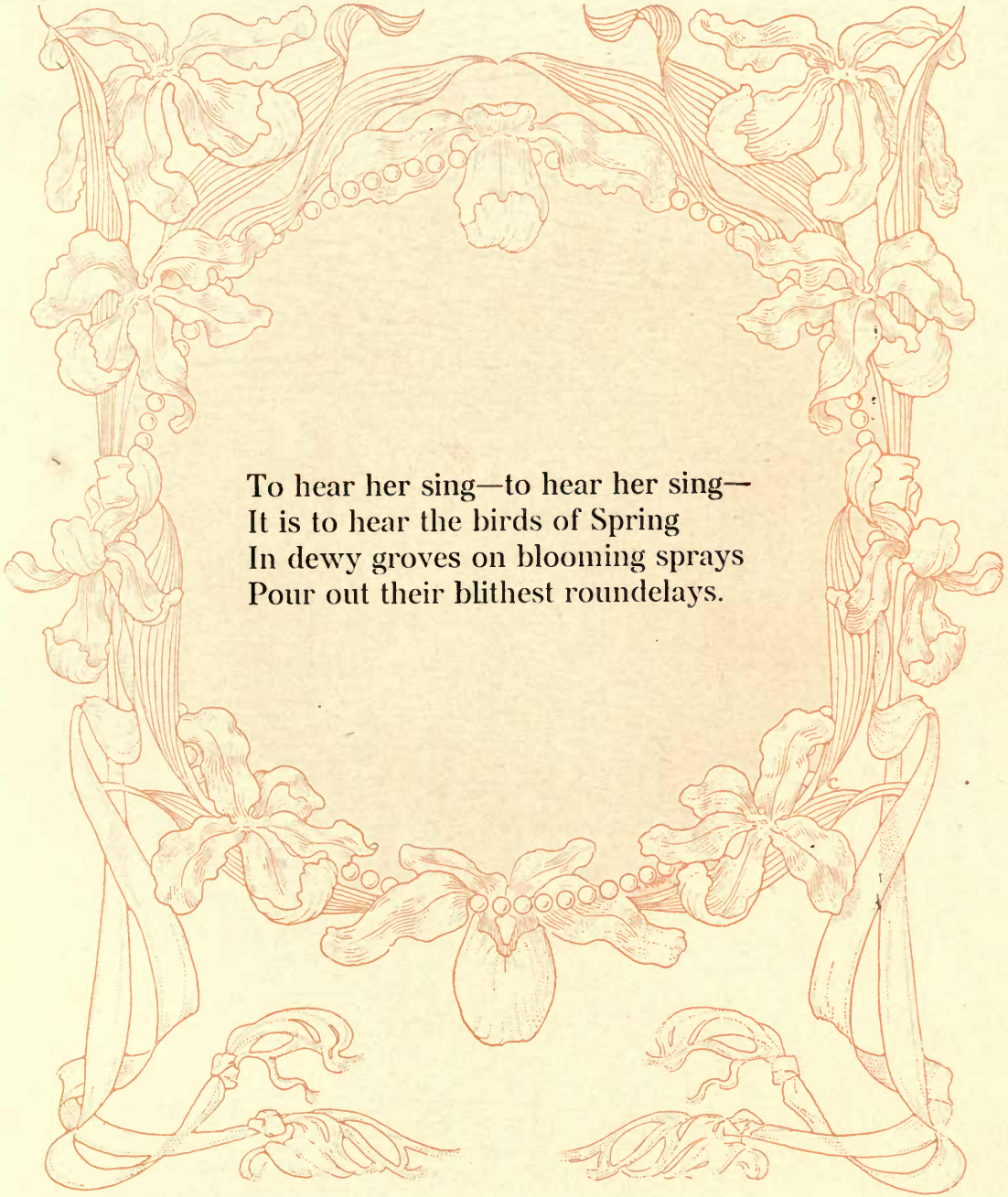
Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, Orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.



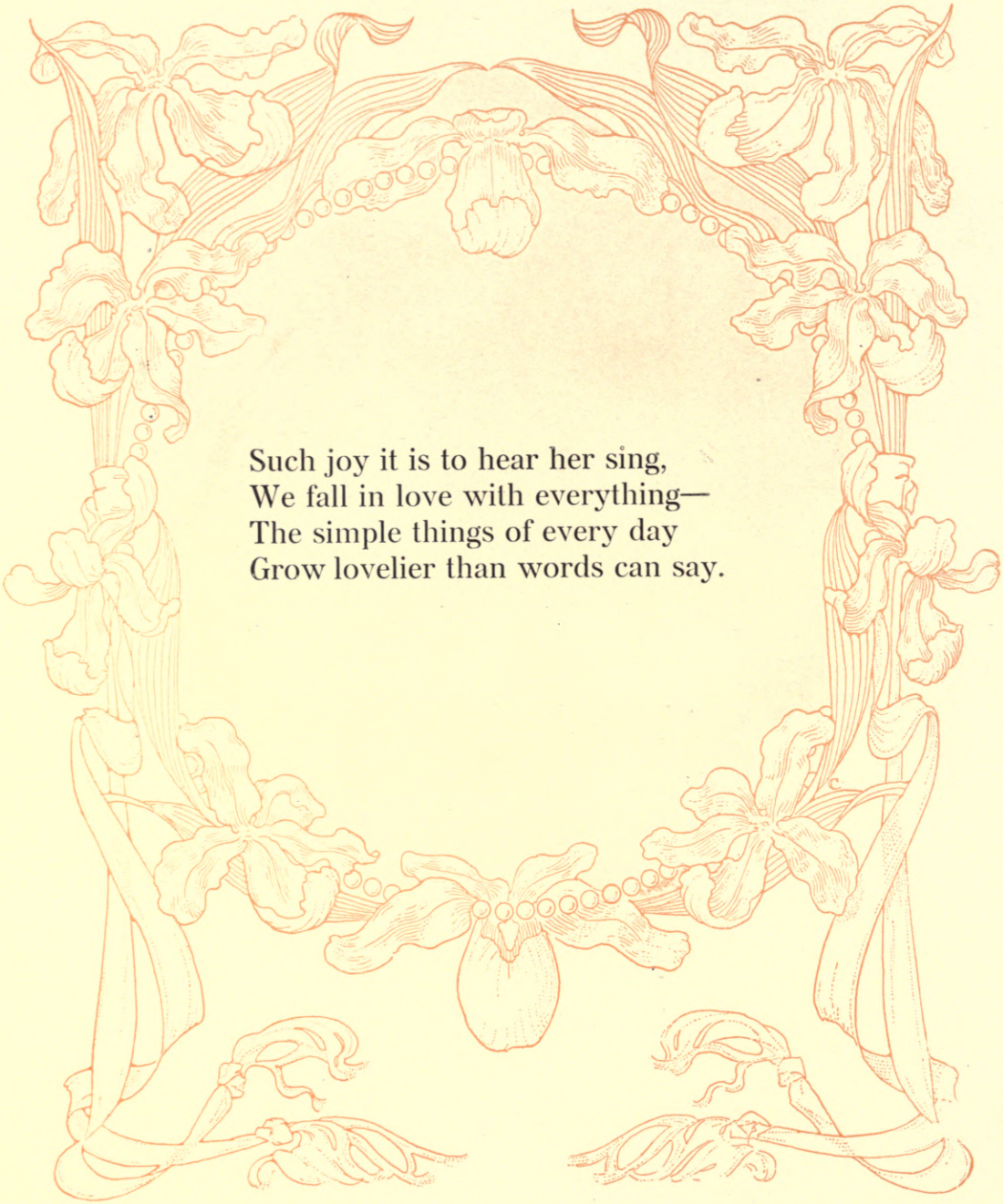
Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

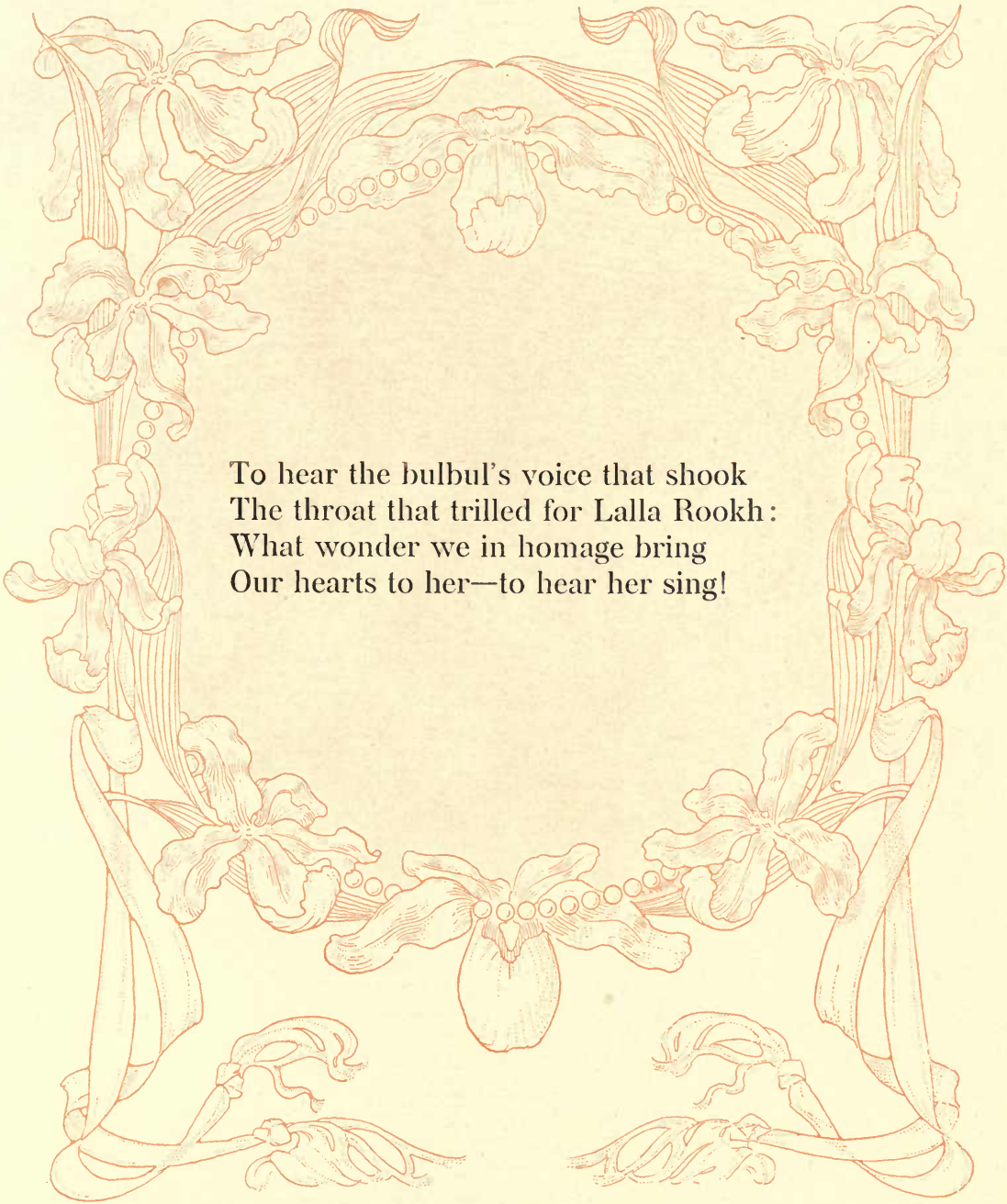




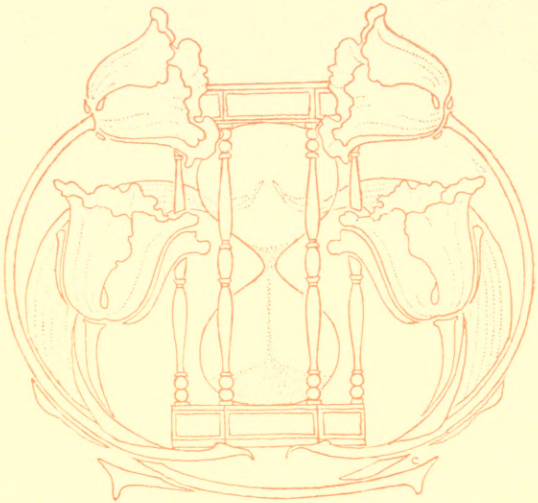
To hear her sing—to hear her sing—
It is to hear the birds of Spring
In dewy groves on blooming sprays
Pour out their blithest roundelays.



Such joy it is to hear her sing,
We fall in love with everything—
The simple things of every day
Grow lovelier than words can say.



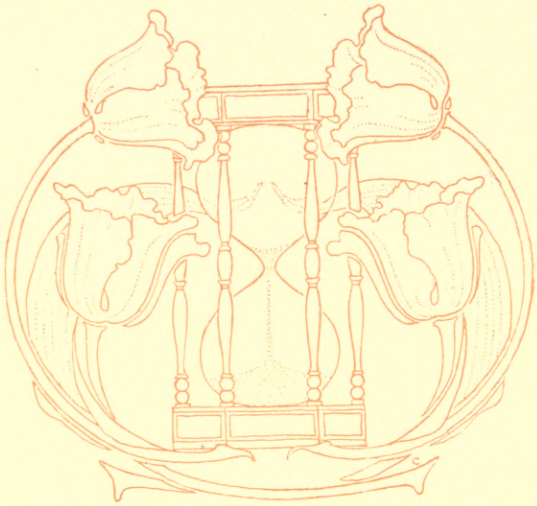
To hear the bulbul's voice that shook
The throat that trilled for Lalla Rookh:
What wonder we in homage bring
Our hearts to her—to hear her sing!

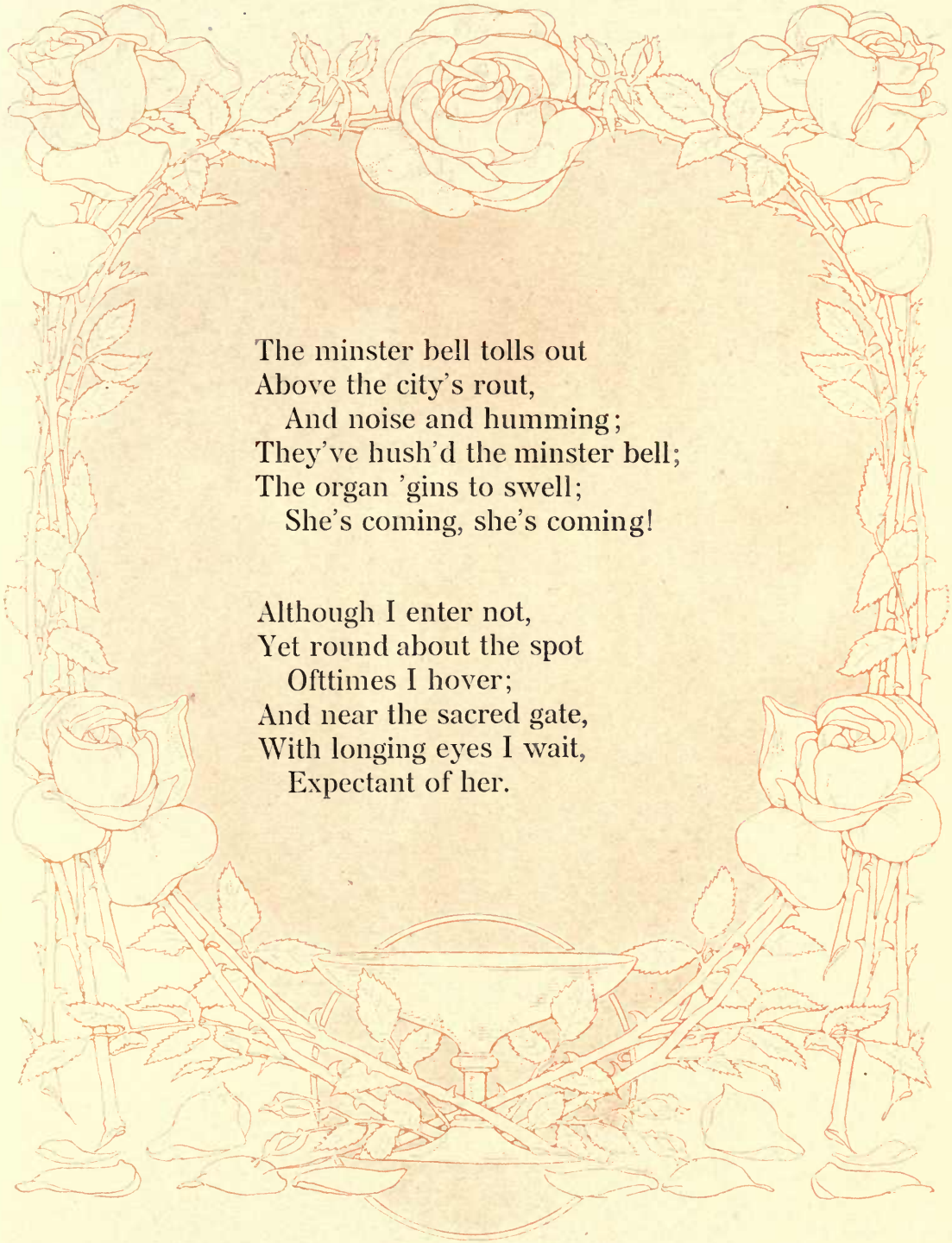


O her beautiful eyes! they are blue as the dew
On the violet's bloom when the morning is new,
And the light of their love is the gleam of the sun
O'er the meadows of Spring where the quick
shadows run
As the morn shifts the mists and the clouds from
the skies—
So I stand in the dawn of her beautiful eyes.

And her beautiful eyes are as mid-day to me,
When the lily-bell bends with the weight of the bee,
And the throat of the thrush is a-pulse in the heat,
And the senses are drugged with the subtle and sweet
And delirious breaths of the air's lullabies—
So I swoon in the noon of her beautiful eyes.

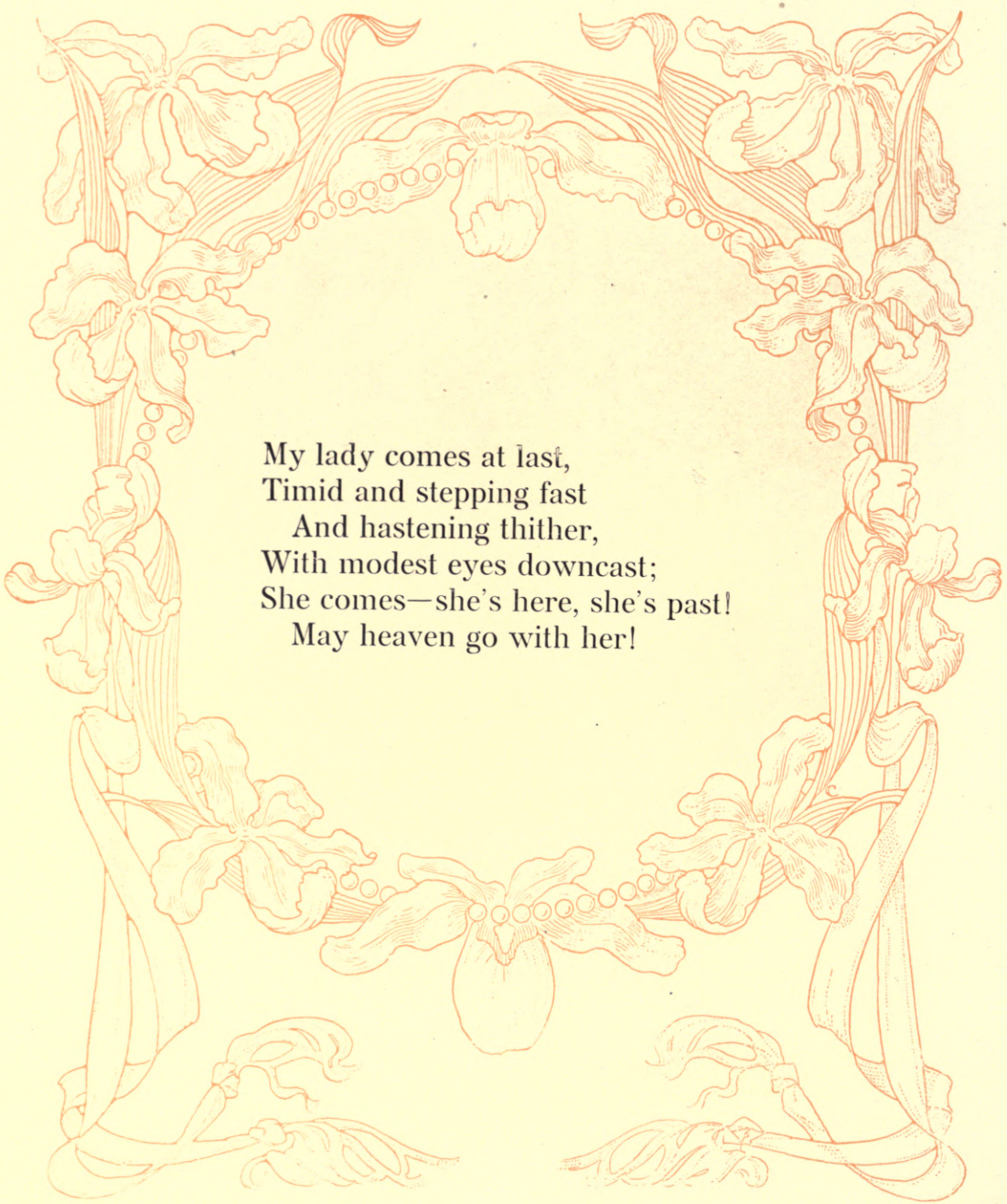
O her beautiful eyes! they have smitten mine own
As a glory glanced down from the glare of the Throne;
And I reel, and I falter and fall, as afar
Fell the shepherds that looked on the mystical Star,
And yet dazed in the tidings that bade them arise—
So I grope through the night of her beautiful eyes.



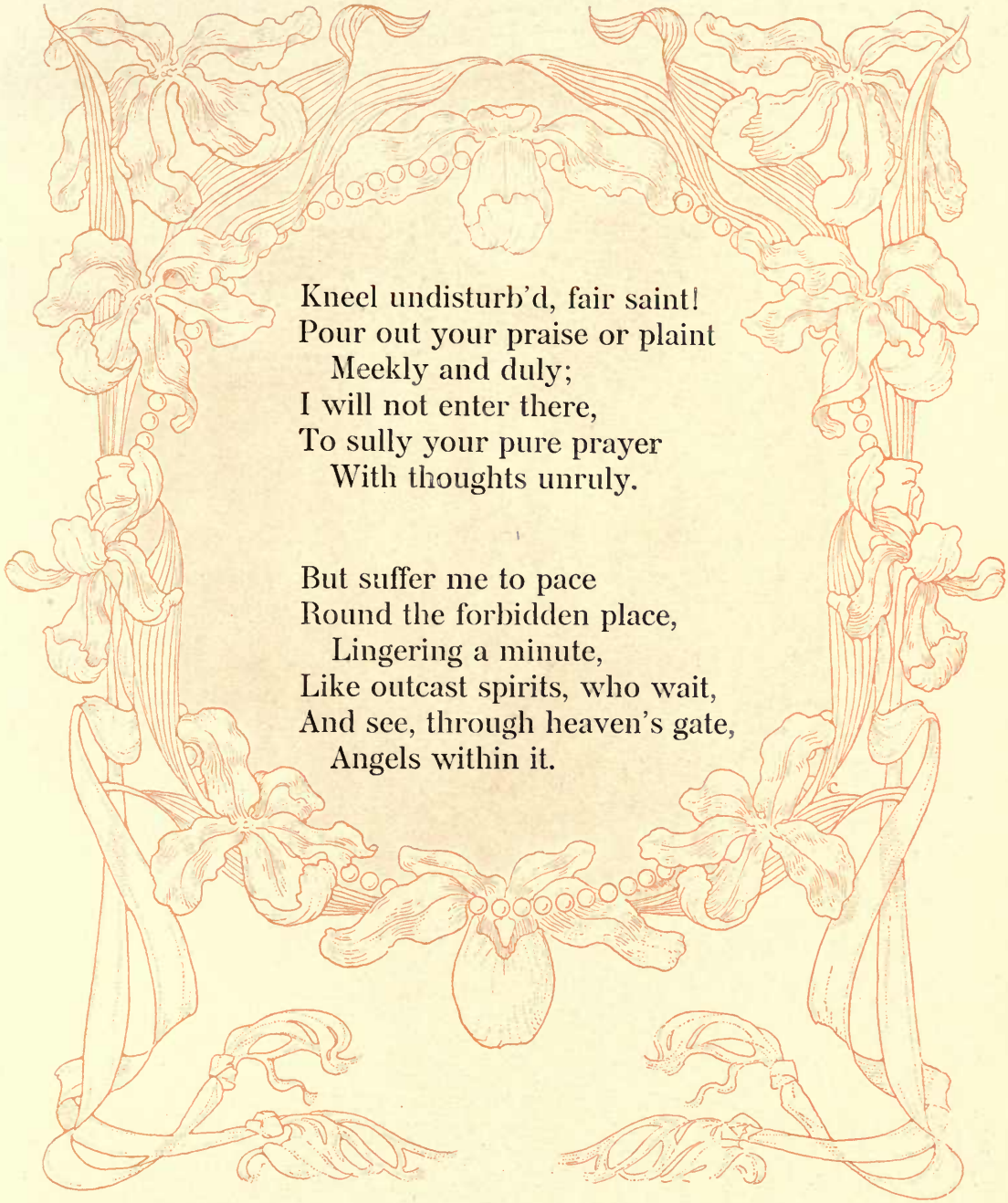


The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
  And noise and humming;
They've hush'd the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
  She's coming, she's coming!

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
  Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
  Expectant of her.

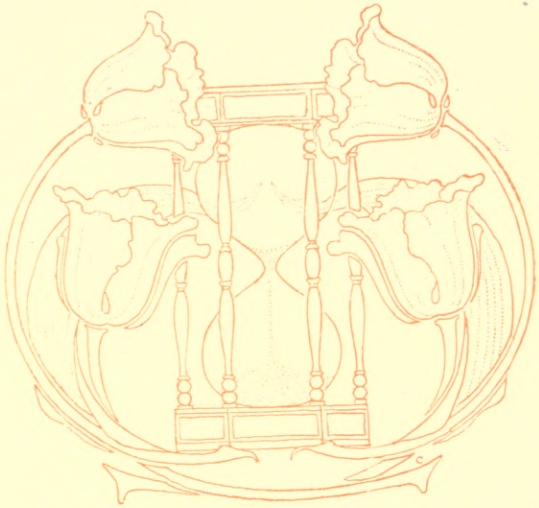


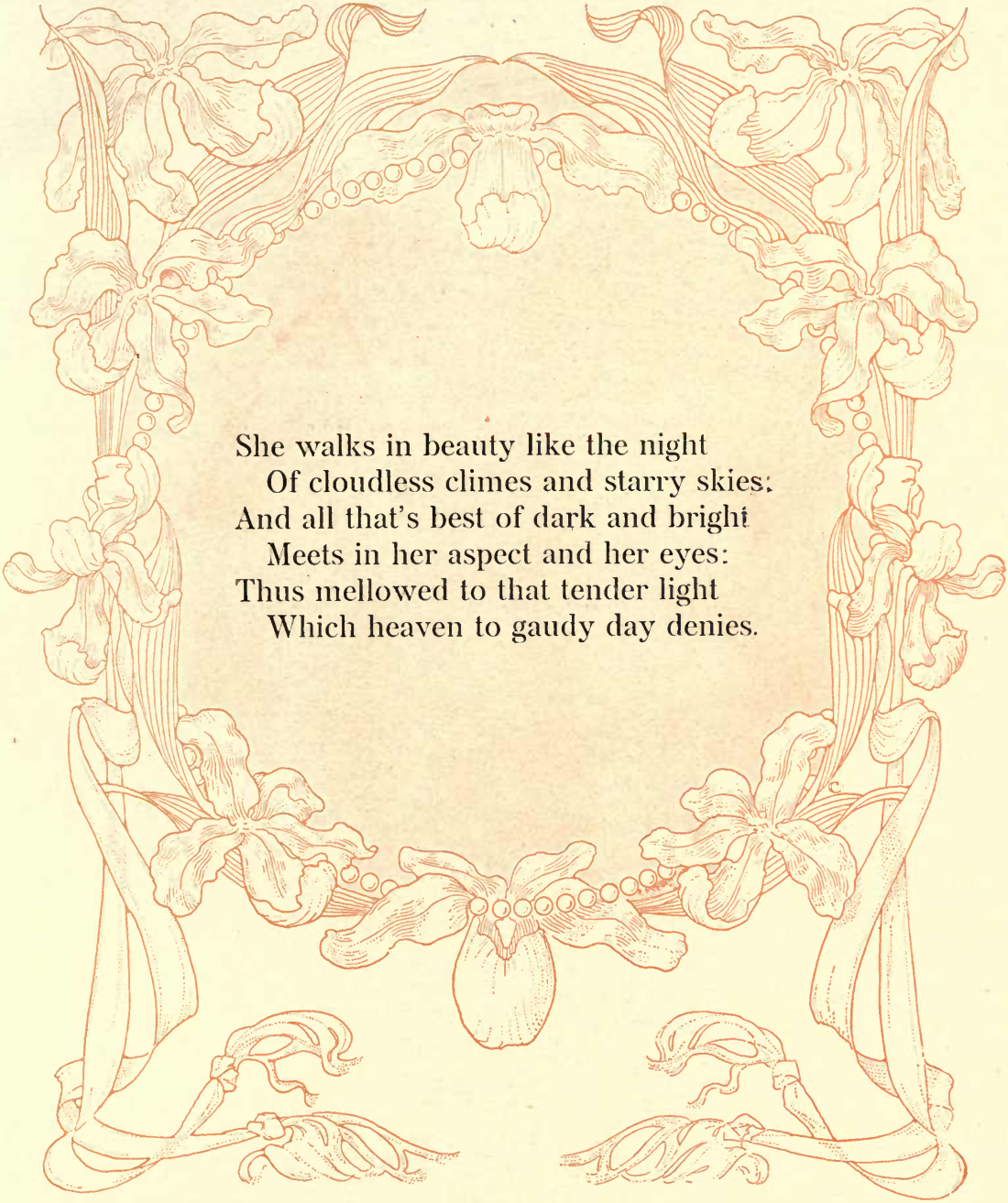
My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast
  And hastening thither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here, she's past!
  May heaven go with her!



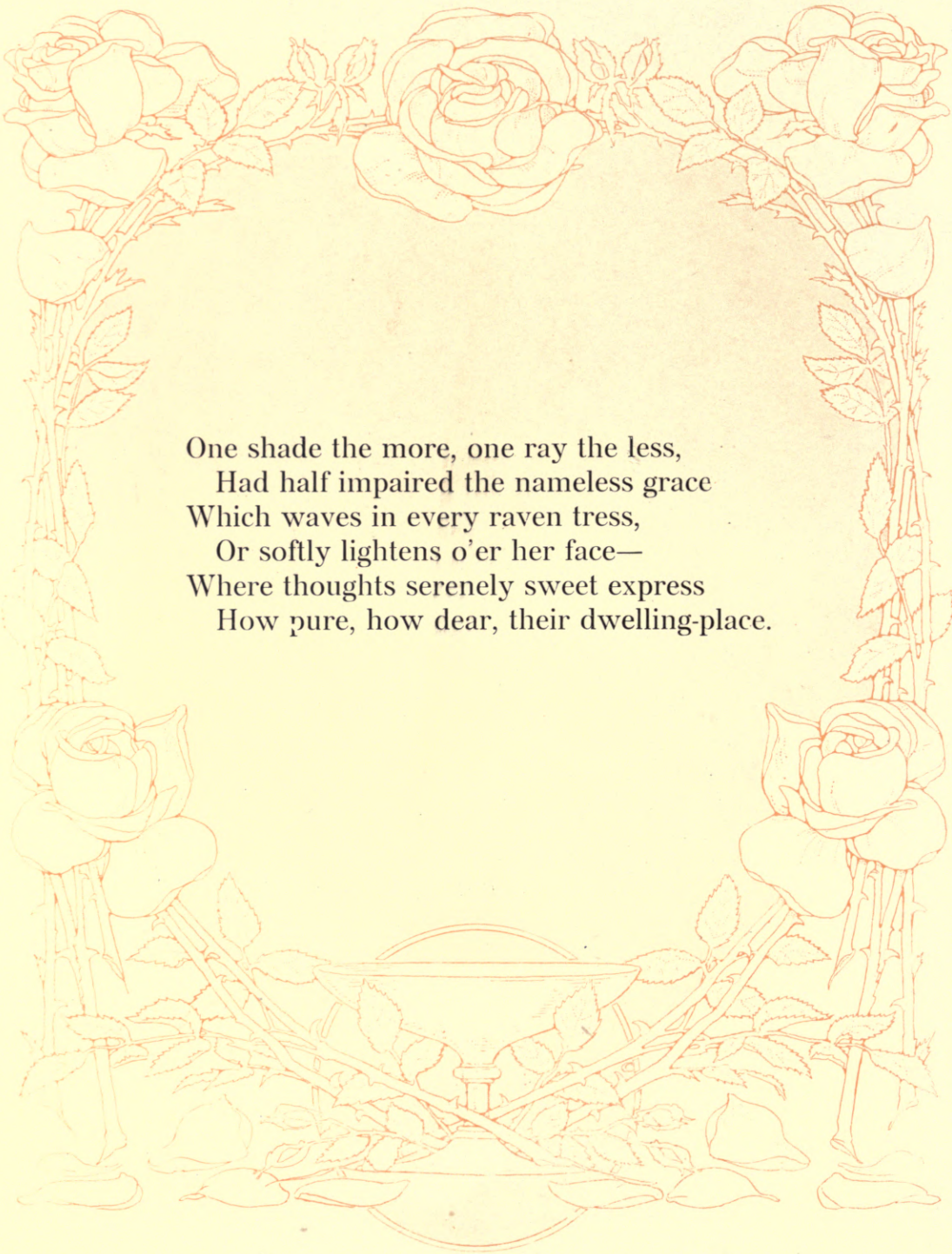
Kneel undisturb'd, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
  Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
  With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
  Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
  Angels within it.

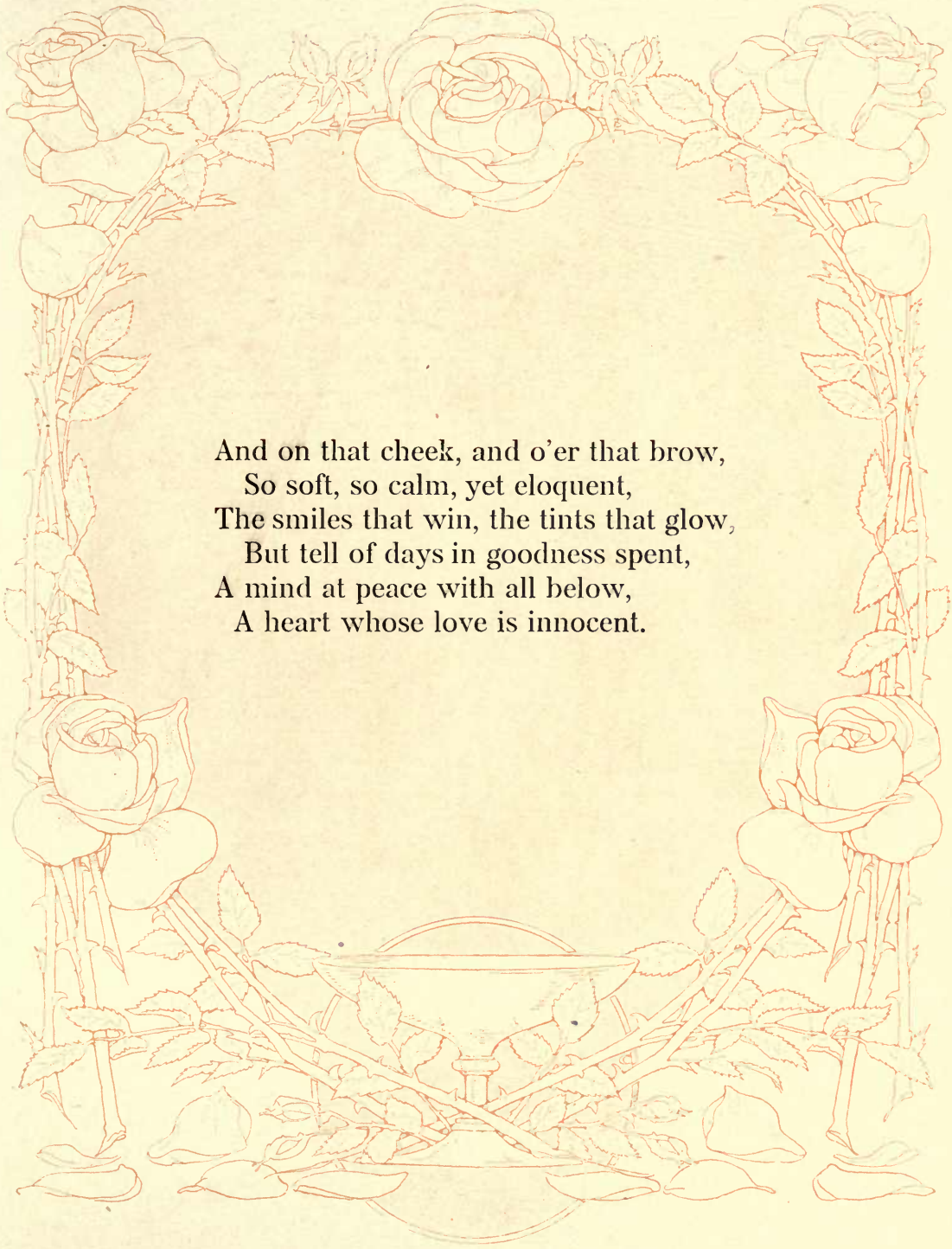




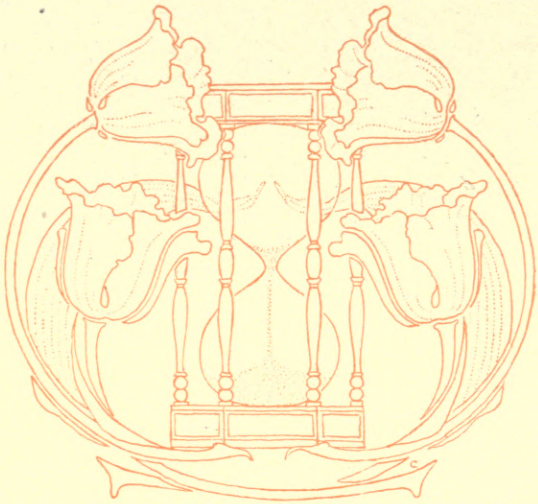
She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies:
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

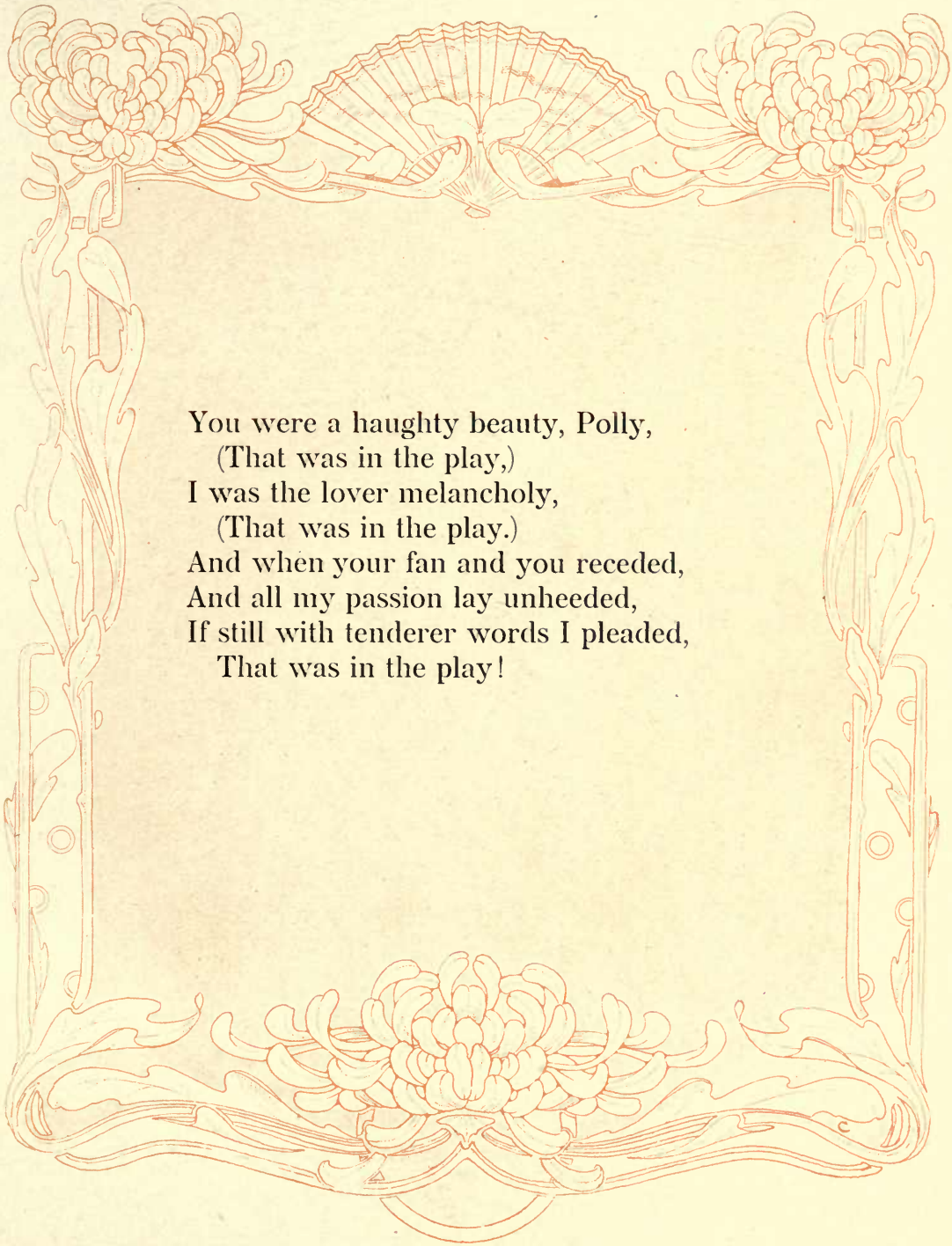


One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face—
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.



And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

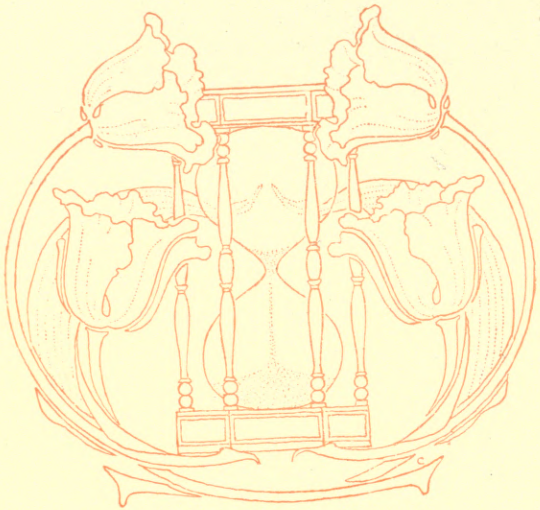




You were a haughty beauty, Polly,
(That was in the play,)
I was the lover melancholy,
(That was in the play.)
And when your fan and you receded,
And all my passion lay unheeded,
If still with tenderer words I pleaded,
That was in the play!

I met my rival at the gateway,
(That was in the play,)
And so we fought a duel straightway,
(That was in the play).

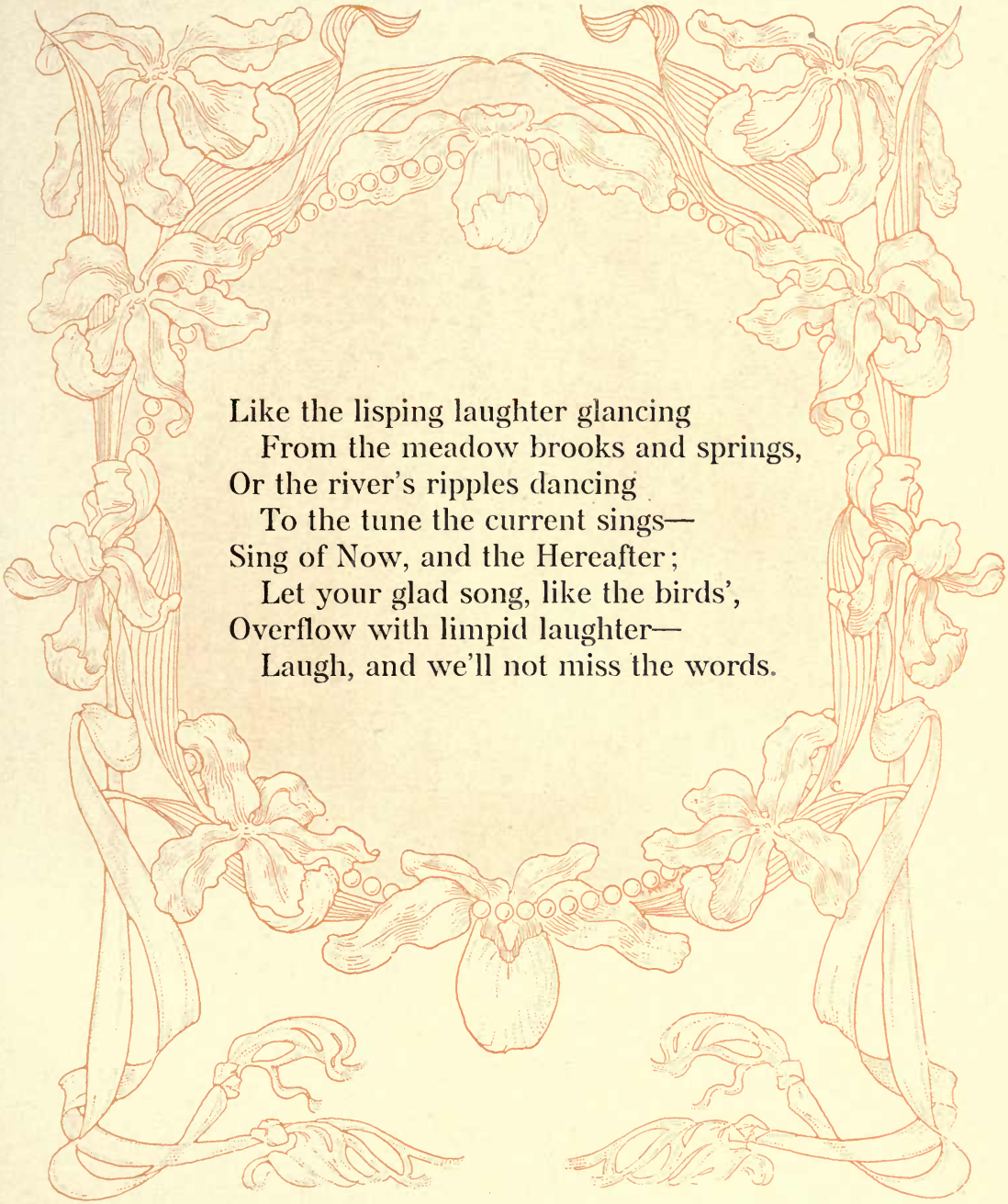
But when Jack hurt my arm unduly,
And you rushed over, softened newly,
And kissed me, Polly! truly, truly,
Was that in the play?



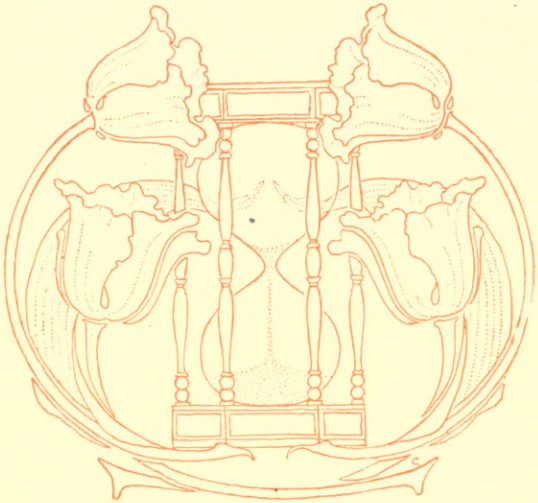
Sing us something full of laughter;
Tune your harp, and twang your strings,
Till your glad voice, chirping after,
Mate the song the robin sings;
Loose your lips, and let them flutter
Like the wings of wanton birds,—
Though they naught but laughter utter,
Laugh, and we'll not miss the words.

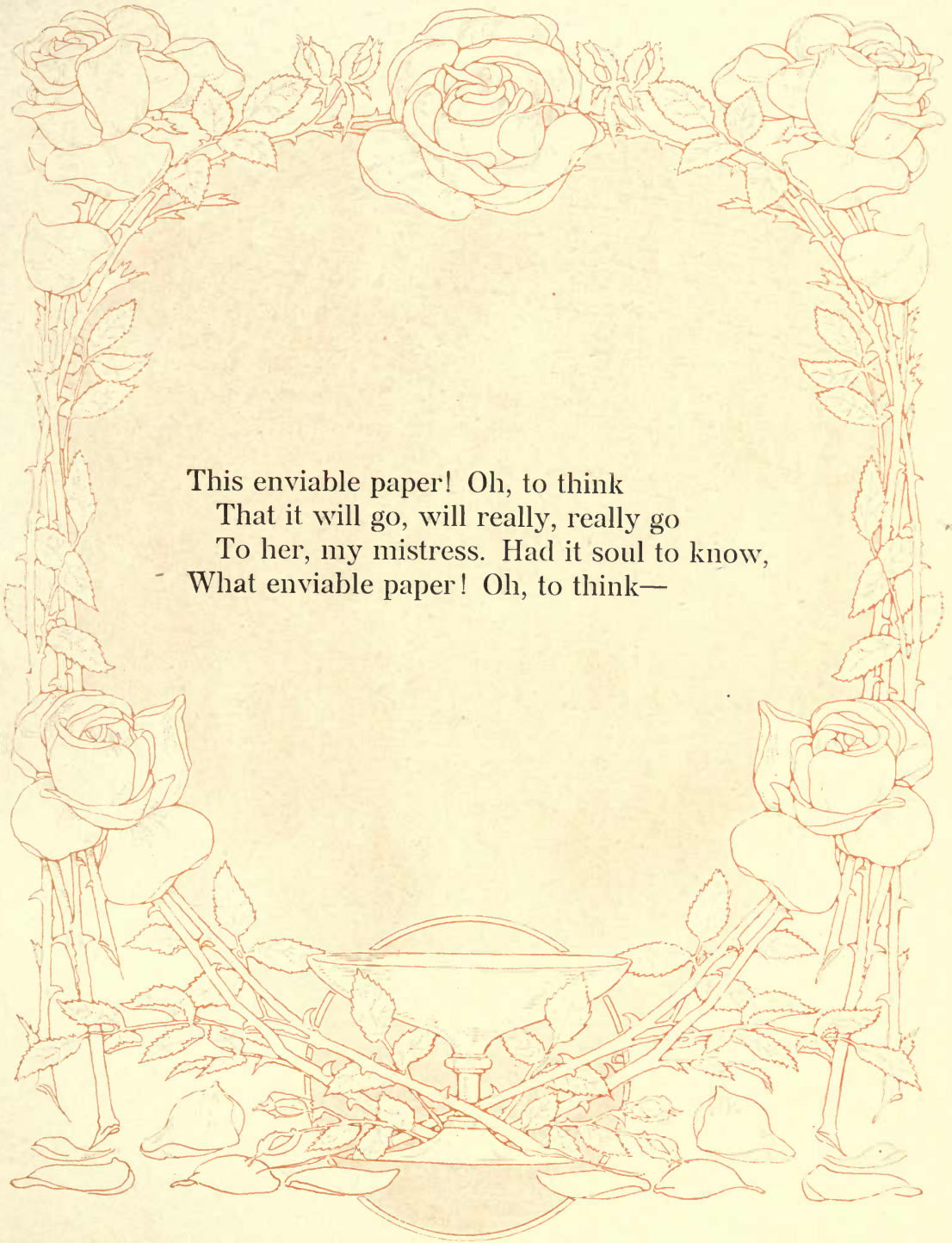
Sing in ringing tones that mingle
In a melody that flings
Joyous echoes in a jingle
Sweeter than the minstrel sings;
Sing of Winter, Spring or Summer,
Clang of war, or low of herds;
Trill of cricket, roll of drummer—
Laugh, and we'll not miss the words.

Harrison Fisher
1907

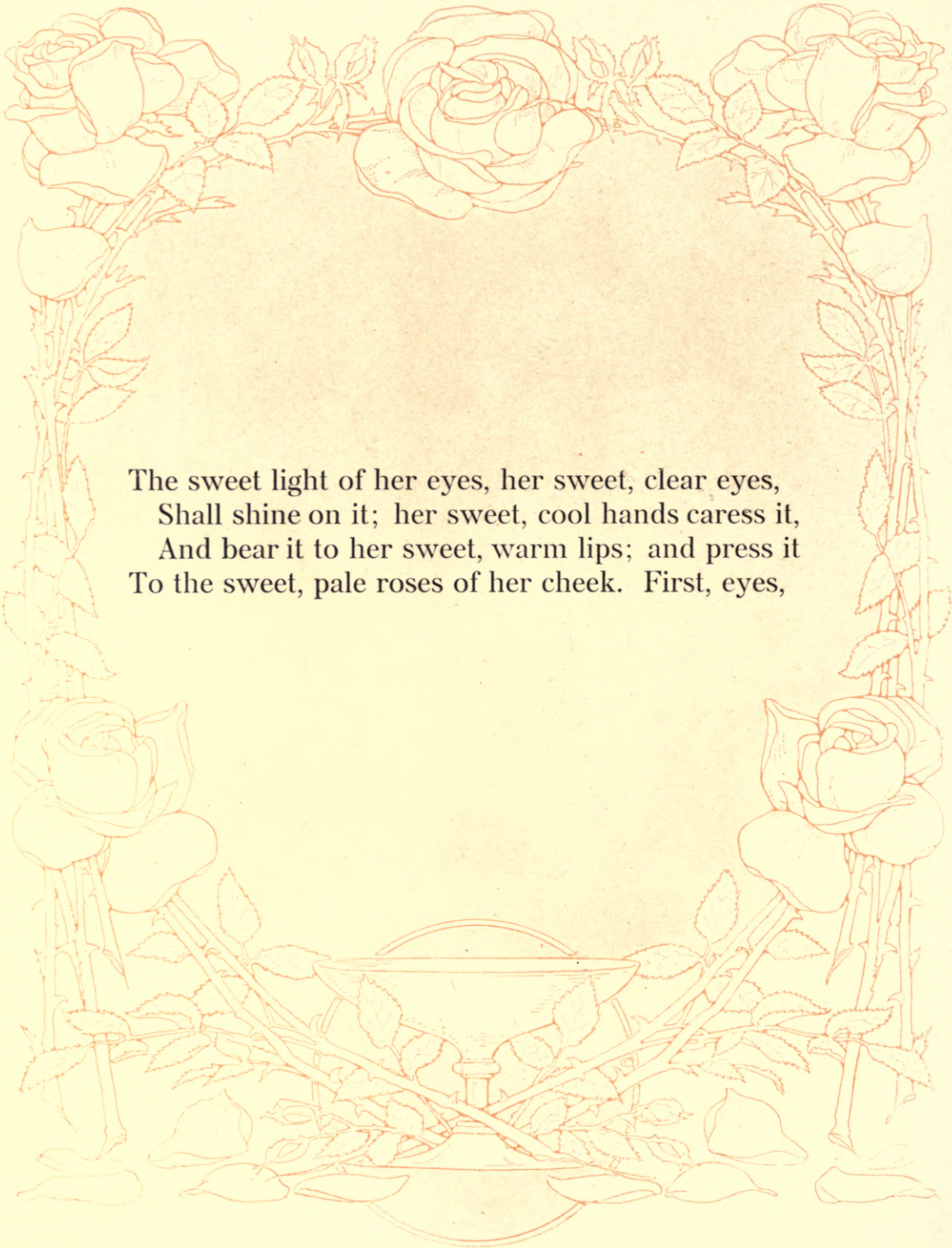


Like the lisping laughter glancing
From the meadow brooks and springs,
Or the river's ripples dancing
To the tune the current sings—
Sing of Now, and the Hereafter;
Let your glad song, like the birds',
Overflow with limpid laughter—
Laugh, and we'll not miss the words.



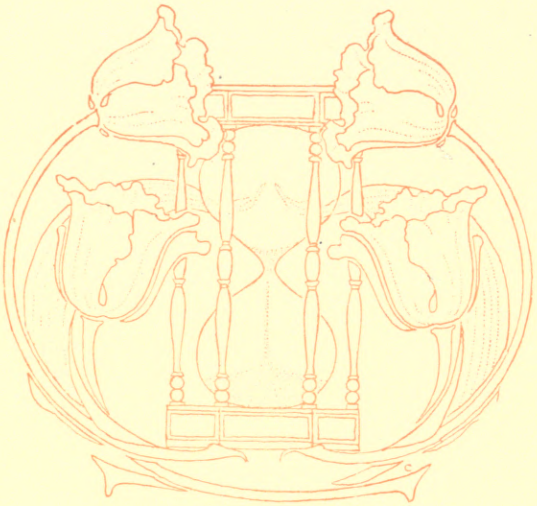


This enviable paper! Oh, to think
That it will go, will really, really go
To her, my mistress. Had it soul to know,
What enviable paper! Oh, to think—

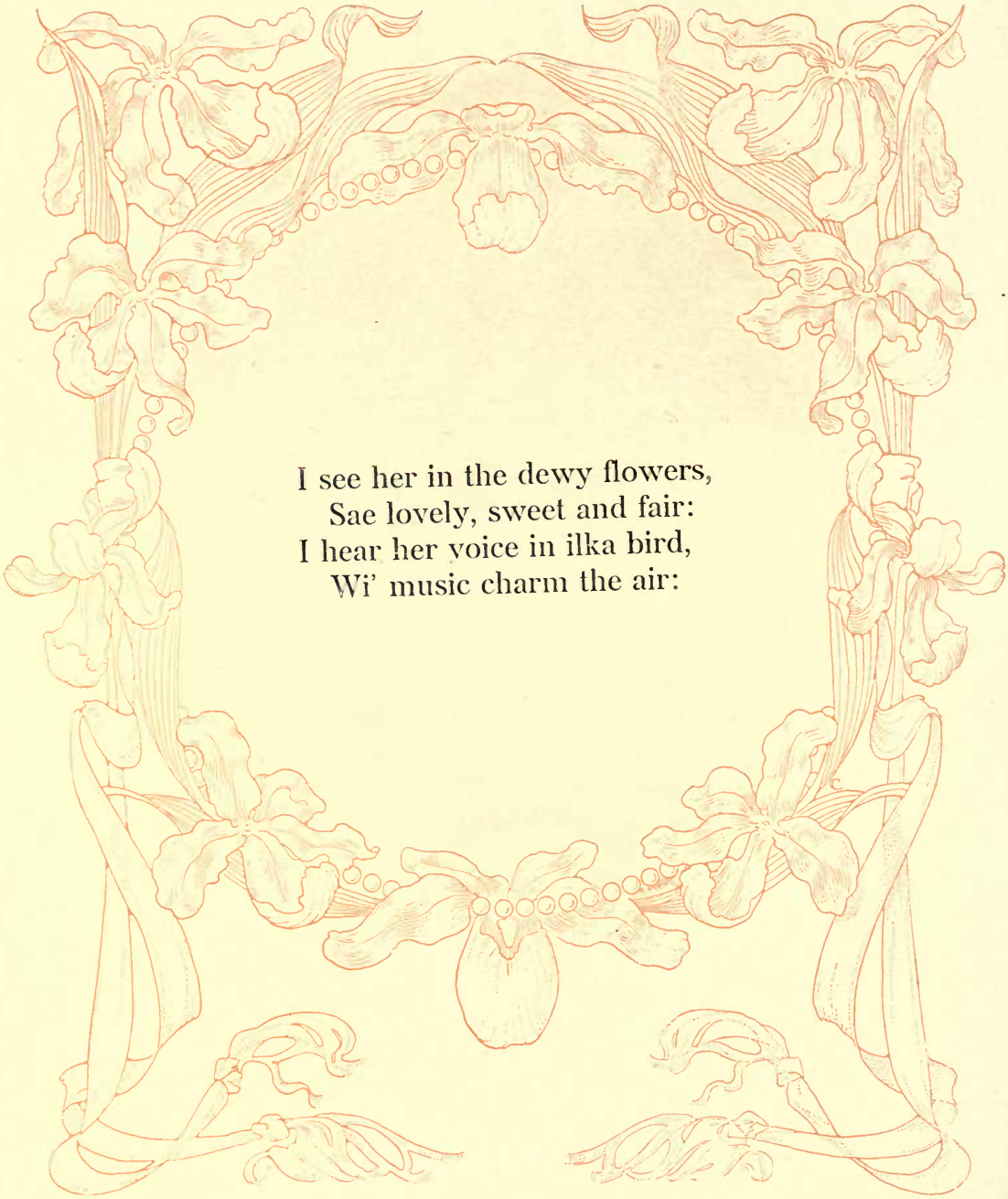


The sweet light of her eyes, her sweet, clear eyes,
Shall shine on it; her sweet, cool hands caress it,
And bear it to her sweet, warm lips; and press it
To the sweet, pale roses of her cheek. First, eyes,

Hands, lips, and cheek, and then, at night, all night,
In the sweet darkness of her room (ah, so!)
In the sweet stillness of her room (speak low!)
I guess where it will lie, at night, all night.

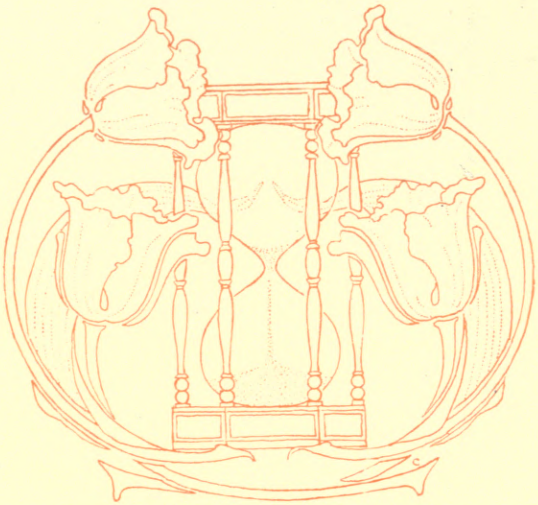


O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lass that I lo'e best;
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.



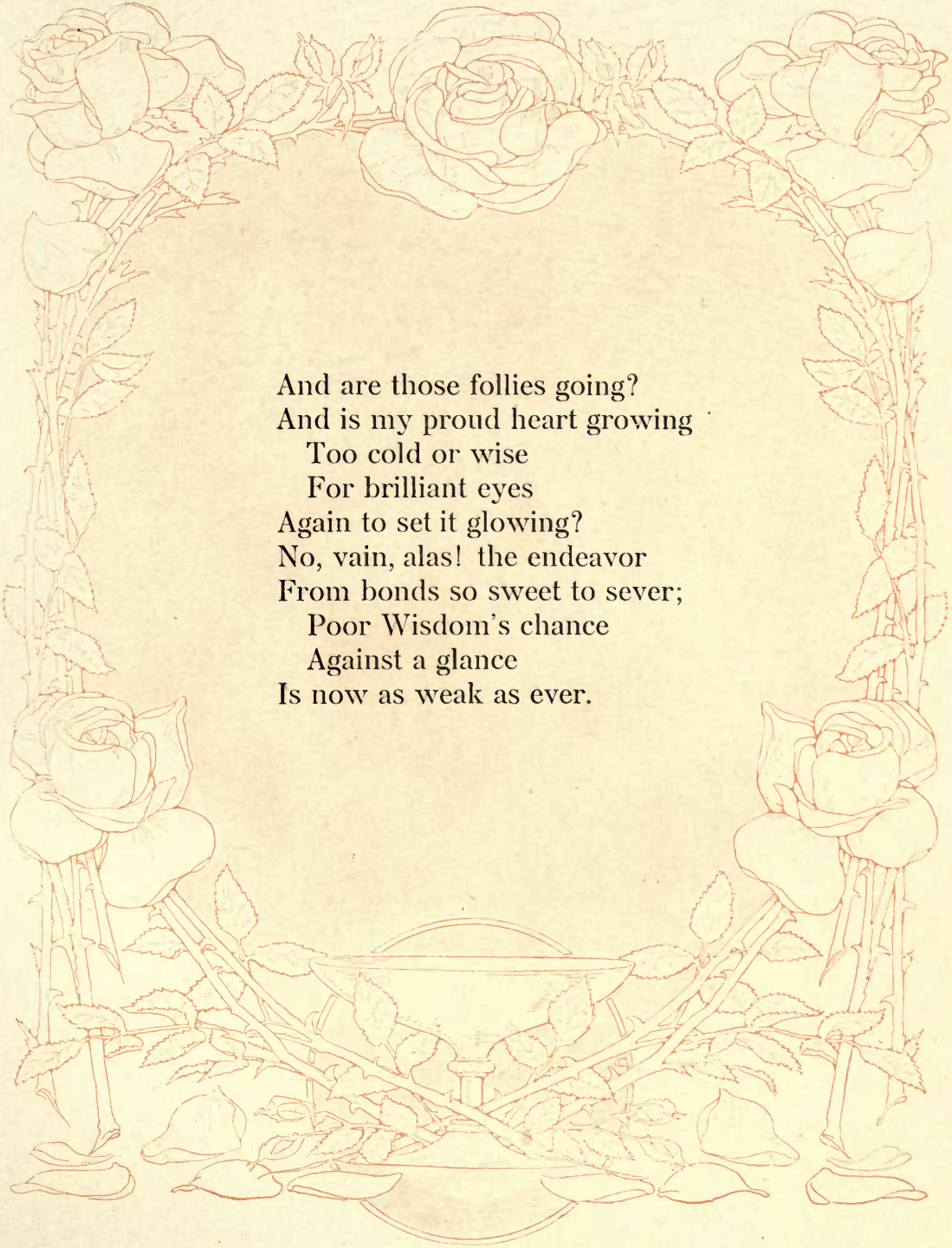
I see her in the dewy flowers,
Sae lovely, sweet and fair:
I hear her voice in ilka bird,
Wi' music charm the air:

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

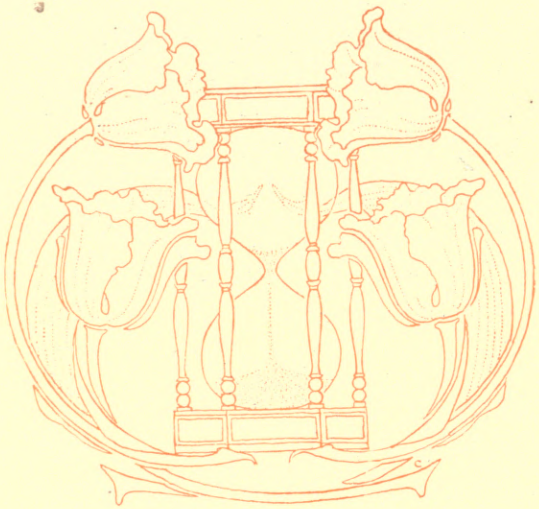


The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
  The light that lies
  In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
  My only books
  Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the Sprite,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.



And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
  Too cold or wise
  For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas! the endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;
  Poor Wisdom's chance
  Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.



University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

JAN 13 1997
RECD
OCT 18 1996

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 052 305 0

Unive
So
L